PENNY
CLASSICS

Volume I

OF

PENNY CLASSICS

144 Pages, Postpaid, $1.00
Green Cloth Binding, Gilt Top, Gold Stamped

CONTENTS

Schopenhauer, Seneca, More Schopenhauer, Goethe, Plato, Emerson, Hegel, Thoreau, Darwin, Coleridge, Carlyle, Confucius.

Schopenhauer is a bitter tonic; Seneca is clean; Goethe is majestic; Plato is urbane; Emerson is radiant; Hegel is devout; Thoreau is as sweet as wood violets; Darwin is sound; Coleridge is profound; Confucius is wise; Carlyle—who writes from such a hot heart to-day?—Carlyle is the voice of passionate sincerity.

Address all correspondence and make orders payable to

PENNY CLASSICS

73-75 Plymouth Place,
Chicago, Ill.

Copyright 1909
By S. Blanshard

PREFACE TO VOL. I.

In offering Penny Classics to the American reader we are moved to say that our intention is to show, by means of extracts from their sayings and writings, something of the CHARACTER of the men and women who have said the best things and thought the wisest thoughts, in all ages.

In pursuance of this object we have avoided, as far as possible, the selection of sayings that do not, in our judgment, actually voice the author himself; for example, we have not quoted Falstaff in our booklet of Shakespeare.

We believed that a welcome awaited a comprehensive collection of the greatest thoughts of all time, provided that a sincere attempt were made to make that collection truly comprehensive and truly authoritative.

There has been no tampering with the great originals in this series of Penny Classics.

We thank you for your unfeigned interest and generous support.

S. BLANSHARD.

Chicago, March, 1909.

INDEX TO VOL. I.

	Page
Schopenhauer	1
Seneca	13
More Schopenhauer	25
Goethe	37
Plato	49
Emerson	61
Hegel	73
Thoreau	85
Darwin	97
Coleridge	109
Carlyle	121
Confucius	133

Special Offer
TO
Advance Subscribers

The full set of PENNY CLASSICS will consist of ten volumes of 144 pages each, handsomely bound in green cloth, gilt top, and gold stamped. Price, $10 per set, carriage prepaid to any part of the world, or $1.00 per volume.

We purpose to issue the remaining volumes at the rate of one volume each month.

Believing that many people would be glad to assist the work we are doing by subscribing in advance for the full set, we make the following

SPECIAL OFFER

Upon receipt of $6.00 (Postal Order, Express Order, Currency or Draft), we will send, prepaid, the full set of PENNY CLASSICS, ten volumes, to any address. The first three volumes to be sent immediately, and the remaining seven volumes, as issued. This will mean a great saving to the purchaser, and a general response will greatly expedite our work.

Address all communications and make orders payable to

PENNY CLASSICS

73-75 Plymouth Place
Chicago, Ill.

THE HEART OF SCHOPENHAUER.*

(Arthur Schopenhauer. Born, 1788; died, 1860.)

1. The happiest lot is not to have experienced the keenest delights or the greatest pleasures, but to have brought life to a close without any very great pain, bodily or mentally. To measure the happiness of a life by its delights or pleasures is to apply a false standard. For pleasures are and remain something negative; that they produce happiness is a delusion, cherished by envy to its own punishment. Pain is felt to be something positive, and hence its absence is the true standard of happiness. And if, over and above freedom from pain, there is also an absence of boredom, the essential conditions of earthly happiness are attained; for all else is chimerical.

2. There is no doubt that life is given us, not to be enjoyed, but to be overcome—to be got over.

* Following chiefly Saunder's translation.

3. In old age it is indeed a consolation to think that the work of life is over and done with.

4. A man should never try to purchase pleasure at the cost of pain, or even at the risk of incurring it; to do so is to pay what is positive and real for what is negative and illusory, while there is a net profit in sacrificing pleasure for the sake of avoiding pain.

5. The fool rushes after the pleasures of life and finds himself their dupe; the wise man avoids its evils, and even if, notwithstanding his precautions, he falls into misfortune, that is the fault of fate, not of his own folly.

6. We are all born, as Schiller says, in Arcadia. In other words, we come into the world full of claims to happiness and pleasure, and we cherish the fond hope of making them good.

7. The safest way of not being very miserable is not to expect to be very happy.

8. The golden mean is best—to live free from the squalor of a mean abode, and yet not to be a mark for envy. It is the tall pine which is cruelly shaken

by the wind, and the lofty towers that fall so heavily; the highest summits that are struck in the storm.

9. He who has taken to heart the teaching of my philosophy—who knows, therefore, that our whole existence is something which had better not have been, and that to disown and disclaim it is the highest wisdom—he will have no great expectations from anything or any condition in life; he will spend passion upon nothing in the world, nor lament overmuch if he fails in any of his undertakings.

10. Most of the glories of the world are mere outward show, like the scenes on a stage; there is nothing real about them. Ships festooned and hung with pennants, firing of cannon, illuminations, beating of drums and blowing of trumpets, shouting and applauding—these are all the outward sign, the pretense and suggestion—as it were, the hieroglyphic—of joy; but just there, joy is, as a rule, not to be found; it is the only guest who has declined to be present at the festival.

11. Joy is like the gold in the Australian mines, found only now and then, as it were, by the caprice of chance; and according to no rule or law; oftenest in very little grains, and very seldom in heaps. All

that outward show is only an attempt to make people believe that it is really joy which has come to the festival; and to produce this impression upon the spectators is, in fact, the whole object of it.

12. With mourning it is just the same. That long funeral procession, moving up so slowly; how melancholy it looks! what an endless row of carriages! But look into them—they are all empty; the coachmen of the whole town are the sole escort the dead man has to his grave. Eloquent picture of the friendship and esteem of the world! This is the falsehood, the hollowness, the hypocrisy of human affairs!

13. Everything in the world is like a hollow nut; there is little kernel anywhere, and when it does exist, it is still more rare to find it in the shell. You may look for it elsewhere, and find it, as a rule, only by chance.

14. To estimate a man's condition in regard to happiness, it is necessary to ask, not what things please him, but what things trouble him; and the more trivial these things are in themselves, the happier the man will be. To be irritated by trifles, a man must be well off; for in misfortune trifles are unfelt.

15. Care should be taken not to build the happiness of life upon a broad foundation—not to require a great many things in order to be happy. For happiness on such a foundation is the most easily undermined; it offers many more opportunities for accidents; and accidents are always happening.

16. How seldom the goal is ever reached in human affairs! And, lastly, even though the goal be reached, the changes which Time works in us have been left out of the reckoning; we forget that the capacity, whether for achievement or for enjoyment, does not last a whole lifetime. So we often toil for things which are no longer suited to us when we attain them; and again, the years we spend in preparing for some work unconsciously rob us of the power for carrying it out. How often it happens that a man is unable to enjoy the wealth which he acquired at so much trouble and risk, and that the fruits of his labor are reserved for others; or that he is incapable of filling the position which he has won after so many years of toil and struggle.

17. Our life is like a journey on which, as we advance, the landscape takes a different view from that which it presented at first, and changes again,

as we come nearer. This is just what happens—especially with our wishes. We often find something else, nay, something better than what we were looking for; and what we look for, we often find on a very different path from that on which we began a vain search. Instead of finding, as we expected, pleasure, happiness, joy, we get experience, insight, knowledge—a real and permanent blessing, instead of a fleeting and illusory one.

18. Those who strive and hope and live only in the future, always looking ahead and impatiently anticipating what is coming, as something which will make them happy when they get it, are, in spite of their very clever airs, exactly like those donkeys one sees in Italy, whose pace may be hurried by fixing a stick on their heads with a wisp of hay at the end of it; this is always just in front of them, and they keep on trying to get it.

19. We should never forget that the present is the only reality, the only certainty, that the future almost always turns out contrary to our expectations; that the past, too, was very different from what we suppose it to have been.

20. Distance, which makes objects look small

to the outward eye, makes them look big to the eye of thought.

21. In regard to the present let us remember Seneca's advice, and live each day as if it were our whole life; let us make it as agreeable as possible; it is the only real time we have.

22. The less our peace of mind is disturbed by fear, the more likely it is to be agitated by desire and expectation.

23. Peace of mind! That is something essential to any enjoyment of the present moment; and unless its separate moments are enjoyed, there is an end of life's happiness as a whole.

24. We live through our days of happiness without noticing them; it is only when evil comes upon us that we wish them back. A thousand gay and pleasant hours are wasted in ill-humor; we let them slip by unenjoyed, and sigh for them in vain when the sky is overcast. Those present moments that are bearable, be they never so trite and common,—passed by in indifference, or, it may be, impatiently pushed away—those are the moments we should honor, never failing to remember that the ebbing tide is even now hurrying them into the past where

memory will store them transfigured and shining with an imperishable light.

25. We are happy in proportion as our range of vision, our sphere of work, our points of contact with the world, are restricted and circumscribed. We are more likely to feel worried and anxious if these limits are wide; for it means that our cares, desires and terrors are increased and intensified. That is why the blind are not so unhappy as we might be inclined to suppose; otherwise there would not be that gentle and almost serene expression of peace in their faces.

Another reason why limitation makes for happiness is that the second half of life proves even more dreary than the first. As the years wear on, the horizon of our aims and our points of contact with the world become more extended. In childhood our horizon is limited to the narrowest sphere about us; in youth there is already a very considerable widening of our view; in manhood it comprises the whole range of our activity, often stretching out over a very distant sphere,—the care, for instance, of a State or a nation; in old age it embraces posterity.

26. That limitation in the sphere of outward activity is conducive, nay, even necessary, to human

happiness, such as it is, may be seen in the fact that the only kind of poetry which depicts men in a happy state of life—Idyllic poetry, I mean—always aims as an intrinsic part of its treatment at representing them in very simple and restricted circumstances.

27. To be self-sufficient, to be all in all to oneself, to want for nothing,—that is assuredly the chief qualification for happiness.

28. As our body is concealed by the clothes we wear, so our mind is veiled in lies. The veil is always there, and it is only through it that we can sometimes guess at what a man really thinks; just as from his clothes we arrive at the general shape of his body.

29. No man can be in perfect accord with anyone but himself—not even with a friend or the partner of his life; difference of individuality and temperament are always bringing in some degree of discord, though it may be a very slight one.

30. The young should early be trained to bear being left alone; for it is a source of happiness and peace of mind.

31. Respect is not paid in this world to that which has real merit; it is reserved for that which has none. So retirement is at once a proof and a result of being distinguished by the possession of meritorious qualities.

32. Ordinary people are social and complaisant because to bear others' company is easier for them than to bear their own. People are rendered sociable by their inability to endure solitude, that is to say, their own society. They become sick of themselves. It is this vacuity of soul which drives them to intercourse with others.

33. It is a well known fact, that we can more easily bear up under evils which fall upon a great many people besides ourselves. As boredom seems to be an evil of this kind, people band together to offer it a common resistance. The love of life is, at bottom, only the fear of death; and, in the same way, the social impulse does not rest directly upon the love of society, but upon the fear of solitude; it is not alone the charm of being in others' company that people seek; it is the dreary oppression of being alone—the monotony of their own consciousness—that they would avoid. They will do anything to escape it—even tolerate bad companions, and put

up with the feeling of constraint which all society involves, in this case a very burdensome one.

34. A man of intellect is like an artist who gives a concert without any help from anyone else, playing on a single instrument—a piano, say, which is a little orchestra in itself. Such a man is a little world in himself; and the effect produced by various instruments together, he produces single handed, in the unity of his own consciousness. Like the piano, he has no place in a symphony; he is a soloist and performs by himself.

35. On cold days people manage to get some warmth by crowding together; and you can warm your mind in the same way—by bringing it into contact with others. But a man who has a great deal of intellectual warmth in himself will stand in no need of such resources. I have written a little fable illustrating this. The fable is of certain porcupines, who huddled together for warmth on a cold day; but as they began to prick one another with their quills, they were obliged to disperse. However, the cold drove them together again, when just the same thing happened. At last, after many turns of huddling and dispersing, they discovered that they would be best off by remaining at a little

distance from one another. In the same way, the need of society drives the human porcupines together—only to be mutually repelled by the many prickly and disagreeable qualities of their nature. The moderate distance which they at last discover to be the only tolerable condition of intercourse, is the code of politeness and fine manners; and those who transgress it are roughly told—in the English phrase—to keep their distance. By this arrangement the mutual need of warmth is only very moderately satisfied,—but then people do not get pricked. A man who has some heat in himself prefers to remain outside, where he will neither prick other people nor get pricked himself.

THE HEART OF SENECA.*

Lucius Annaeus Seneca. Born B. C. 3. Died A. D. 65.)

1. True happiness is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties toward God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future; not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and, like people in the dark, we fall foul of the very thing we search for without finding it.

2. True joy is a serene and sober motion, and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing. The seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind,

* (Following chiefly the translation by Sir Roger L'Estrange, 1678.)

that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face, and bid it welcome; open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites; this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights.

3. As the body itself is rather a necessary thing than a great, so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; whereas a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and an indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety or measure.

4. There is no condition of life that excludes a wise man from discharging his duty. If his fortune be good, he tempers it; if bad, he masters it; if he has an estate, he will exercise his virtue in plenty; if none, in poverty; if he cannot do it in his country, he will do it in banishment; if he has no command, he will do the office of a common soldier. Some people have the skill of reclaiming the fiercest beasts; they will make a lion embrace his keeper. This is the case of a wise man in the extremest difficulties; let them be never so terrible in themselves, when they come to him once, they are perfectly tame.

5. The wise man neither fears danger nor pro-

vokes it; but from caution, not from cowardice; for captivity, wounds and chains he looks upon as unreal terrors.

6. There are three degrees of proficients in the school of wisdom. The first are those that come within the sight of it, but not up to it; they have learned what they ought to do, but they have not put their knowledge into practice; they are past the hazard of a relapse, but they are still in the clutches of disease; by which I mean an ill-habit, that makes them over-eager upon things which are either not much to be desired, or not at all. A second sort are those that have conquered their appetite for a season, but are yet in fear of falling back. A third sort are those that are clear of many vices, but not of all. They are not covetous, but perhaps they are passionate; firm enough in some cases, but weak in others; perhaps despise death and yet shrink at pain. There are diversities in wise men, but no inequalities;—one is more affable, another more ready, a third a better speaker, but the felicity of them all is equal.

7. Virtue is that perfect good which is the complement of a happy life; the only immortal thing that belongs to mortality.

8. When we come once to value our flesh above our honesty we are lost.

9. There is so wonderful a grace and authority in virtue that even the worst of men approve it, and set up for the reputation of being accounted virtuous themselves.

10. I will govern my life and my thoughts as if the whole world were to see the one, and to read the other; for what does it signify to make anything a secret to my neighbor, when to God (who is the searcher of our hearts) all our privacies are open.

11. Virtue cannot lie hid, for the time will come that shall raise it again, even after it is buried, and deliver it from the malignity of the age that oppressed it.

12. It was a long time that Democritus was taken for a madman, and before Socrates had any esteem in the world. How long was it before Cato could be understood? Nay, he was affronted, contemned and rejected; and people never knew the value of him until they had lost him.

13. When a man comes once to stand in need of

fortune, his life is anxious, suspicious, timorous, dependent upon every moment, and in fear of all accidents. How can that man that shrinks at every motion of pleasure and pain, resign himself to God, and bear his lot, whatever it be, without murmuring, and cheerfully submit to providence?

14. A good man is happy within himself and independent of fortune.

15. The physician may prescribe diet and exercise, and accommodate his rule and medicine to the disease, but it is philosophy that must bring us to a contempt of death, which is the remedy of all disease.

16. That which we see in high mountains we find in philosophers; they seem taller near hand than at a distance.

17. No man is born wise, but wisdom and virtue require a tutor, though we can easily learn to be vicious without a master.

18. What does it concern us which was the elder of the two, Homer or Hesiod, or which was the taller, Helen or Hecuba? We take a great deal of pains to trace Ulysses in his wanderings, but were

it not time as well spent to look to ourselves, that we may not wander at all? What is it to me whether Penelope was honest or no? Teach me to know how to be so myself, and to live according to that knowledge. What am I the better for putting so many parts together in music and raising an harmony out of so many different tones? Teach me to tune my affections, and to hold constant to myself. Geometry teaches me the art of measuring acres. Teach me to measure my appetites, and to know when I have enough; teach me to divide with my brother, and to rejoice in the prosperity of my neighbor. You teach me how I may hold my own, and keep my estate; but I would rather learn how I may lose it all, and yet be contented.

19. The astrologer tells me of Saturn and Mars in opposition; but I say, let them be as they will, their courses and their positions are ordered them by an unchangeable decree of fate. Either they produce and point out the effects of all things, or else they signify them. If the former, what are we the better for the knowledge of that which must of necessity come to pass? If the latter, what does it avail us to foresee what we cannot avoid? So that, whether we know or not know, the event will still be the same.

20. I will say to myself, what is it that I labour, sweat and solicit for, when it is but very little that I want, and it will not be long that I shall need anything?

21. It is easier to give counsel than to take it, and a common thing for one choleric man to condemn another.

22. He that would be truly happy must think his own lot best, and so live with men, as considering that God sees him, and so speak to God as if man heard him.

23. A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it.

24. Let us examine, watch, observe, and inspect our own hearts, for we ourselves are our own greatest flatterers.

25. We should every night call ourselves to an account. What infirmity have I mastered today? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves if they be brought every day to the shrift. Oh, the blessed sleep that follows such a diary! Oh,

the tranquillity, liberty and greatness of that mind that is a spy upon itself, and a private censor of its own manners!

26. It is my custom every night, as soon as the candle is out, to run all over the words and actions of the past day; and I let nothing escape me; for why should I fear the sight of my errors when I can admonish and forgive myself? I was a little too hot in such a dispute; my opinion might have been as well spared; for it gave offense, and did no good at all. The thing was true; but all truths are not to be spoken at all times. I would I had held my tongue, for there is no contending either with fools or our superiors. I have done ill, but it shall be so no more. If every man would but thus look into himself it would be the better for us all.

27. Our fate is set, and the first breath we draw is only the first motion toward our last.

28. The foundation of true joy is in the conscience.

29. It is every man's duty to make himself profitable to mankind; if he can, to many; if not, to fewer; if not to his neighbors, at least to himself.

There are two republics—a great one, which is human nature; and a less, which is the place where we were born.

30. Above all things we must be sure to keep ourselves in action; for he that is slothful is dead even while he lives.

31. Whensoever he that lent me myself, and what I have, shall call for all back again, it is not a loss, but a restitution; and I must willingly deliver up what most undeservedly was bestowed upon me. And it will become me to return my mind better than I received it.

32. God deals by us as a good father does by his children; he tries us, he hardens us, and fits us for himself. He keeps a strict hand over those that he loves, and by the rest he does as we do by our slaves—he lets them go on in license and boldness. As the master gives his most hopeful scholars the hardest lessons, so does God deal with the most generous spirits; and cross encounters of fortune we are not to look upon as a cruelty, but as a contest.

33. Fortune does like a swordsman; she scorns to encounter a fearful man; there is no honor in the victory when there is no danger in the way to it.

34. Many a good man is afflicted, only to teach others to suffer; for we are born for example.

35. Calamity tries virtue, as the fire does gold. Nay, he that lives most at ease is only delayed, not dismissed, and his portion is to come.

36. When we are visited with sickness or other afflictions, we are not to murmur as if we were ill-used; it is a mark of the general's esteem when he puts us upon a post of danger.

37. To show now that the favors or the crosses of fortune, and the accidents of sickness and of health are neither good nor evil, God permits them, indifferently, both to good and evil men.

38. God loves us with a masculine love, and turns us loose to injuries and indignities. He takes delight to see a brave and good man wrestling with evil fortune, and yet keeping himself upon his legs, when the whole world is in disorder about him.

39. It must be the change of the mind, not of the climate, that will remove the heaviness of the heart; our vices go along with us, and we carry in ourselves the causes of our disquiets.

40. Frequent changing of places or councils shows an instability of mind, and we must fix the body before we can fix the soul.

41. A great traveler was complaining that he was never the better for his travels. "That is very true," said Socrates, "because you traveled with yourself." Now, had not he better have made himself another man, than to transport himself to another place? It is no matter what manners we find anywhere, so long as we carry our own.

42. As levity is a pernicious enemy to quiet, so undue pertinacity is a great one, too. The latter changes nothing; the former sticks to nothing; and which of the two is the worse may be a question.

43. Nothing can be above him that is above fortune.

44. Place me among princes, or among beggars. The one shall not make me proud, nor the other ashamed.

45. I will not transport myself with either pain or pleasure, but yet, for all that, I could wish that I had an easier game to play, and that I were put rather to moderate my joys than my sorrows.

46. Of all others, a studious life is the least tiresome. It makes us easy to ourselves and to others, and gains us both friends and reputation.

47. A voluptuous person can neither be a good man, a good patriot, nor a good friend; for his mind is unhinged by his appetites. A good man, like a good soldier, will stand his ground, receive wounds, glory in the scars, and in death itself, love his master for whom he falls; with that divine precept always in his mind, follow good.

48. We are born subjects, and to obey God is perfect liberty. He that does this shall be free, safe and quiet.

49. The man that would be truly rich must not increase his fortune, but retrench his appetites.

50. Ambition aspires from great things to greater, and propounds matters even impossible when it has once arrived at things beyond expectation. It is a kind of dropsy—the more a man drinks, the more he covets. It is a rare thing for a man in great prosperity to lay down his happiness gently, it being a common fate for a man to sink under the weight of those felicities that raise him.

MORE SCHOPENHAUER.*

Arthur Schopenhauer. Born, 1788. Died, 1860

1. Peace of mind is impossible without a considerable amount of solitude. The cynics renounced all private property in order to attain the bliss of having nothing to trouble them; and to renounce society with the same object is the wisest thing a man can do.

2. Rascals are always sociable. The chief sign that a man has any nobility in his character is the little pleasure he takes in others' company.

3. Men of great intellect live in the world without really belonging to it.

4. To be alone is the fate of all great minds—a fate deplored at times, but still always to be chosen as the less grievous of two evils.

* Following chiefly Saunders' translation.

5. As the years increase, it always becomes easier to say, Dare to be wise: and after sixty, the inclination to be alone grows into a kind of real, natural instinct; for at that age everything combines in favor of it. The strongest impulse — the love of woman's society—has little or no effect; it is the sexless condition of old age which lays the foundation of a certain self-sufficiency, and that gradually absorbs all desire for others' company. A thousand illusions and follies are overcome: the active years of life are in most cases gone; a man has no more expectations or plans or intentions. The generation to which he belonged has passed away, and a new race has sprung up which looks upon him as essentially outside its sphere of activity. And then the years pass more quickly as we become older, and we want to devote our remaining time to the intellectual rather than to the practical side of life. For, provided that the mind retains its faculties, the amount of knowledge and experience we have acquired, together with the facility we have gained in the use of our powers, makes it then more than ever easy and interesting to us to pursue the study of any subject. A thousand things become clear which were formerly enveloped in obscurity, and results are obtained which give a feeling of difficulties overcome. From long experience of men, we cease

to expect much from them; we find that, on the whole, people do not gain by a nearer acquaintance; and that—apart from a few rare and fortunate exceptions—we have come across none but defective specimens of human nature which it is advisable to leave in peace. We are no more subject to the ordinary illusions of life; and as in individual instances, we soon see what a man is made of, we seldom feel any inclination to come into closer relations with him. Finally, isolation—our own society—has become a habit, as it were a second nature with us, more especially if we have been on friendly terms with it from our youth up. The love of solitude which was formerly indulged only at the expense of our desire for society, has now come to be the simple quality of our natural disposition—the element proper to our life as water to a fish. This is why anyone who possesses a unique individuality—unlike others and therefore necessarily isolated—feels that as he becomes older, his position is no longer so burdensome as when he was young.

6. Society is like a fire—the wise man warming himself at a proper distance from it; not coming too close, like the fool, who, on getting scorched, runs away and shivers in solitude, loud in his complaint that the fire burns.

7. It is a fact that if real calamity comes upon us, the most effective consolation—though it springs from the same source as envy—is just the thought of greater misfortunes than ours; and the next best is the society of those who are in the same ill luck as we—the partners of our sorrows.

8. Each day is a little life; every waking and rising a little birth; every fresh morning a little youth; every going to rest and sleep a little death.

9. In an excellent parable, Proclus, the Neoplatonist, points out how in every town the mob dwells side by side with those who are rich and distinguished; so, too, in every man, be he never so noble and dignified, there is, in the depths of his nature, a mob of low and vulgar desires which constitute him an animal.

10. Self-control may not appear so very difficult, if we consider that every man has to submit to a great deal of very severe control on the part of his surroundings, and that without it no form of existence is possible. Further, a little self-control at the right moment may prevent much subsequent compulsion at the hands of others; just as a very small section of a circle close to the center may correspond to a part near the circumference a hundred times as

large. Nothing will protect us from external compulsion so much as the control of ourselves; and, as Seneca says, to submit yourself to reason is the way to make everything else submit to you. Self-control, too, is something which we have in our own power; and, if the worst comes to the worst, and it touches us in a very sensitive part, we can always relax its severity. But other people will pay no regard to our feelings, if they have to use compulsion, and we shall be treated without pity or mercy. Therefore it will be prudent to anticipate compulsion by self-control.

11. Let everyone, then, do something. To have no regular work, no set sphere of activity—what a miserable thing it is! How often long travels undertaken for pleasure make a man downright unhappy; because the absence of anything that can be called occupation forces him, as it were, out of his right element. Effort, struggles with difficulties! That is as natural to a man as grubbing in the ground is to a mole. To have all his wants satisfied is something intolerable—the feeling of stagnation which comes from pleasures that last too long. To overcome difficulties is to experience the full delight of existence, no matter where the obstacles are encountered, whether in the affairs of life, in commerce

or business, or in mental effort—the spirit of inquiry that tries to master its subject. There is always something pleasurable in the struggle and the victory. And if a man has no opportunity to excite himself he will do what he can to create one, and according to his individual bent he will hunt or play cup and ball; or, led on, by this unsuspected element in his nature, he will pick a quarrel with some one, or hatch a plot or intrigue, or take to swindling and rascally courses generally—all to put an end to a state of repose which is intolerable. As I have remarked—it is difficult to keep quiet if you have nothing to do.

12. It is most important to allow the brain the full measure of sleep which is necessary to restore it, for sleep is to a man's whole nature what winding up is to a clock.

13. It should be clearly understood that thought is nothing but the organic function of the brain; and it has to obey the same laws in regard to exertion and repose as any other organic function. The brain can be ruined by overstrain, just like the eyes. As the function of the stomach is to digest, so it is that of the brain to think. The notion of A SOUL—as something elementary and immaterial, merely

lodging in the brain, and needing nothing at all for the performance of its essential function, which consists in always and unweariedly thinking—has undoubtedly driven many people to foolish practices, leading to a deadening of the intellectual powers. Frederick the Great, even, once tried to form the habit of doing without sleep altogether. It would be well if professors of philosophy refrained from giving currency to a notion which is attended by practical results of a pernicious character: but then this is just what professional philosophy does, in its old-womanish endeavor to keep on good terms with the catechism. A man should accustom himself to view his intellectual capacities in no other light than that of physiological functions, and to manage them accordingly—nursing or exercising them as the case may be; remembering that every kind of physical suffering, malady, or disorder, in whatever part of the body it occurs, has its effect upon the mind. Through neglect of this rule many men of genius and great scholars have become weak-minded and childish, or even gone quite mad, as they grew old.

14. So if you have to live amongst men, you must allow every one the right to exist in accordance with the character he has, whatever it turns out to be; and all you should strive to do is to make

use of this character in such a way as its kind and nature permit, rather than to hope for any alteration in it, or to condemn it offhand for what it is. This is the true sense of the maxim—Live and let live.

15. Memory is in this respect like the lens of a CAMERA OBSCURA; it contracts everything within its range, and so produces a much finer picture than the actual landscape affords. And in the case of a man, absence always goes some way towards securing this advantageous light, for though the idealizing tendency of the memory requires time to complete its work, it begins it at once. Hence it is a prudent thing to see your friends and acquaintances only at considerable intervals of time; and on meeting them again, you will observe that memory has been at work.

16. I feel respect for the man—and he is one in a hundred—who, when he is waiting or sitting unoccupied, refrains from rattling or beating time with anything that happens to be handy—his stick, or knife and fork, or whatever it may be. The probability is that he is thinking of something.

17. The aim of astrology is to bring the motions of the celestial bodies into relation with the wretched

Ego, and to establish a connection between a comet in the sky and squabbles and rascalities on earth.

18. You may take it as a general rule that you will not lose a friend by refusing him a loan, but that you are very likely to do so by granting it.

19. It is advisable to let everyone of your acquaintance—whether man or woman—feel now and then that you could very well dispense with their company. This will consolidate friendship.

20. If we really think very highly of a person, we should conceal it from him like a crime. This is not a very gratifying thing to do, but it is right. Why, a dog will not bear being treated too kindly, let alone a man!

21. It should be borne in mind that, in their intercourse with others, people are like the moon, or like hunchbacks: they show you only one of their sides.

22. He who is not afraid to break the laws of his own private circle, will break those of the State when he can do so with impunity.

23. A man bears the weight of his own body without knowing it, but he soon feels the weight of any other, if he tries to move it: in the same way, a man can see other people's shortcomings and vices, but he is blind to his own.

24. Your friends will tell you that they are sincere: your enemies are really so.

25. Consider how kindly and heartily a girl who is passably pretty will welcome one who is downright ugly. Amongst men, it is the dull and ignorant, and amongst women, the ugly who are always popular and in request. It is likely to be said of such people that they are extremely good-natured, because every one wants to find a pretext for caring about them—a pretext which will blind himself and other people to the real reason why he likes them.

26. It is a wise thing to be polite; consequently, it is a stupid thing to be rude. To make enemies by unnecessary and wilful incivility is just as insane a proceeding as to set your house on fire. For politeness is like a counter—an avowedly false coin, with which it is foolish to be stingy. A sensible man will be generous in the use of it. Wax, a substance naturally hard and brittle, can be made

soft by the application of a little warmth, so that it will take any shape you please. In the same way, by being polite and friendly you can make people pliable and obliging, even though they are apt to be crabbed and malevolent. Hence politeness is to human nature what warmth is to wax.

THE HEART OF GOETHE.

(Johann Wolfgang Goethe. Born, 1749. Died, 1831.)

---

1. The greatest men are connected with their own century always through some weakness.

2. Such is man; he is always either anticipating or regretting.

3. Man cares for nothing except what flatters him and promises him fair; and his faith is alive exclusively for the sunny side.

4. Men love to dally with and exaggerate the evils which circumstances have once begun to inflict upon them.

5. I know very well that we are not and cannot be equal; but in my opinion he who avoids the common people in order to command their respect

is as culpable as a coward who hides himself from his enemy because he fears defeat.

6. He in whom there is much to be developed will be later in acquiring true perceptions of himself and of the world. There are few who at once have thought and the capacity of action. Thought expands, but lames; action animates, but narrows.

7. Are not the mass of men so marred and stunted, because they take pleasure only in the element of evil-wishing and evil-speaking? Whoever gives himself to this soon comes to be indifferent toward God, contemptuous toward the world, spiteful toward his equals; and the true, genuine, indispensable sentiment of self-estimation corrupts into self-conceit and presumption.

8. How often this cursory reading of a book, which irresistibly carries one with it, exercised the greatest influence on a man's whole life, and produced at once a decisive effect, which neither a second perusal nor earnest reflection can either strengthen or modify.

9. I turn back towards the beloved ancients who still constantly like distant blue mountains, distinct

in their outlines and masses, but indiscernible in their parts and internal relations, bound the horizon of my intellectual wishes.

10. The first page of Shakespeare's that I read made me his for life, and when I had finished a single play, I stood like one born blind on whom a miraculous hand bestows sight in a moment.

11. The first true and really vital material of the higher order came into German poetry through Frederick the Great and the deeds of the Seven Years' War. All national poetry must be shallow or become shallow which does not rest on that which is most universally human—upon the events of nations and their shepherds, when both stand for one man.

12. It might almost be maintained that a great man may possess friends, but cannot be one.

13. It is a very pleasant sensation when a new passion begins to stir in us, before the old one is quite extinct. Thus, when the sun is setting, one often likes to see the moon rise on the opposite side, and one takes delight in the double lustre of the two heavenly luminaries.

14. There can be no doubt that in this world nothing is so indispensable as love.

15. When once you trust yourself, you know the art of living.

16. Observe a young lady as a lover, as a bride, as a housewife, as a mother. She always stands isolated. She is always alone and will be alone. Even the most empty-headed woman is in the same case. Each one of them excludes all others. It is her nature to do so, because of each one of them is required everything which the entire sex have to do. With a man it is altogether different. He would make a second man if there were none. But a woman might live to an eternity, without even so much as thinking of producing a duplicate of herself.

17. Nature works after such eternal, necessary, divine laws that the deity himself could alter nothing in them.

18. So then, once more the old story of the year is being repeated. We are come now, thank God, again to its most charming chapter. The violets and the mayflowers are as its superscriptions and its vignettes. It always makes a pleasant impression

on us when we open again at these pages in the book of life.

19. "I believe in God," is a beautiful and praiseworthy phrase; but to RECOGNIZE God in all his manifestations, THAT is true holiness on earth.

20. If certain phenomena of nature, looked at from the moral standpoint, force us to assume the existence of a primitive evil, so, on the other hand, many phenomena force us to assume a primitive good. This spring of goodness, when flowing into life, we name Piety, as the ancients did, who regarded it as the basis of all virtue. It is the force which counterbalances egoism; and if by a miracle it could for a moment suddenly be active in all men, the earth would at once be free from evil.

21. In faith, everything depends on the fact of believing; what is believed is perfectly indifferent. Faith is a profound sense of security for the present and future, and this assurance springs from confidence in an immense, all-powerful, inscrutable being. The firmness of this confidence is the one grand point; but what we think of this being depends on our other faculties, or even on circumstances, and is wholly indifferent. Faith is a holy vessel

into which every one stands ready to pour his feelings, his understanding, his imagination as perfectly as he can. With knowledge, it is directly the opposite. There, the point is not whether we know, but what we know, how much we know, and how well we know it. Hence it comes that men may dispute about knowledge, because it can be corrected, widened and contracted. Knowledge begins with the particular, is endless and formless, can never be all comprehended, or at least but dreamily, and this remains exactly the opposite of faith.

22. Man, despite all his follies and errors, being led by a higher hand, reaches some happy goal at last.

23. I feel certain, and every day I become more certain, that the existence of anything whatever is of very little consequence.

24. To rest hereafter at the side of those whom we love is the most delightful thought which man can have when once he looks out beyond the boundary of life.

25. Why should we take it so much to heart? Is all that we do done for eternity? Do we not put on our dress in the morning, to throw it off again

at night? Do we not go abroad to return home again? And why should we not wish to rest by the side of our friends, though it were but for a century?

26. The source of our happiness must also be the foundation of our misery.

27. The common burden of humanity which we have all to bear falls most heavily on those whose intellectual powers expand early. We may grow up under the protection of parents, we may lean for awhile upon our brothers and friends, be amused by acquaintances, rendered happy by those we love, but in the end man is always driven back upon himself, and it seems as if the divinity had so placed himself in relation to man as not always to respond to his reverence, trust and love, at least not in the terrible moment of need. Early and often had I learned that the call to us is, "Physician, heal thy=self"; and how frequently have I been compelled to exclaim in my pain, "I tread the wine=press alone."

28. It is well for us that man can only endure a certain amount of unhappiness; what is beyond that, either annihilates him, or passes by him, and leaves him apathetic.

29. There are situations in which hope and fear run together, in which they mutually destroy one another, and lose themselves in a dull indifference. If it were not so, how could we bear to know of those who are most dear to us being in hourly peril, and yet go on as usual with our ordinary every-day life?

30. Of the various memorials and tokens which bring nearer to us the distant and the separated—none is so satisfactory as a picture. To sit and talk to a beloved picture, even though it be unlike, has a charm in it like the charm which there sometimes is in quarreling with a friend. We feel in a strange sweet way that we are divided and yet cannot separate.

31. Another education there is which will speedily recommence, and work on well-nigh through all the years of our life—the education which circumstances will give us, if we do not give it to ourselves.

32. Art is long, life short, judgment difficult, opportunity transient. To act is easy, to think is hard; to act according to our thought is troublesome. Every beginning is cheerful; the threshold is the place of expectation. The boy stands astonished;

his impressions guide him; he learns sportfully; seriousness comes on him by surprise. Imitation is born with us; what should be imitated is not easy to discover. The excellent is rarely found, more rarely valued. The height charms us, the steps to it do not; with the summit in our eye, we love to walk along the plain. It is but a part of art that can be taught; the artist needs it all. Who knows it half, speaks much, and is always wrong; who knows it wholly, inclines to act, and speaks seldom or late. The former have no secrets and no force; the instruction they can give is like baked bread, savory and satisfying for a single day; but flour cannot be sown, and seed-corn ought not to be ground. Words are good, but they are not the best. The best is not to be explained by words. The spirit in which we act is the highest matter. Action can be understood and again represented by the spirit alone. No one knows what he is doing while he acts aright; but of what is wrong we are always conscious. Whoever works with symbols only, is a pedant, a hypocrite, or a bungler. There are many such, and they like to be together. Their babbling detains the scholar; their obstinate mediocrity vexes even the best. The instruction which the true artist gives us opens the mind; for when words fail him, deeds speak.

33. People will allow their faults to be shown them; they will let themselves be punished for them; they will patiently endure many things because of them; they only become impatient when they have to lay them aside.

34. Certain defects are necessary for the existence of individuality. We should not be pleased if old friends were to lay aside certain peculiarities.

35. What kind of defects may we bear with and even cultivate in ourselves? Such as rather give pleasure to others than injure them.

36. The great public should be reverenced, not used as children are, when peddlers wish to hook the money from them. By presenting excellence to the people, you should gradually excite in them a taste and feeling for the excellent; and they will pay their money with double satisfaction when reason itself has nothing to object against this outlay.

37. The herd of people dread sound understanding more than anything; they ought to dread stupidity, if they had any notion what was really dreadful. Understanding is unpleasant; they must have it pushed aside: stupidity is but pernicious; they can let it stay.

38. Nothing important can be produced without self-isolation.

39. How sedulously are we shaped and moulded in our youth; how constantly are we then called on to lay aside now this, now that bad feeling! But what in fact are our so-called bad feelings, but so many organs by means of which man is to help himself in life? How is not the poor child worried in whom but a little spark of vanity is discovered. And yet what a poor, miserable creature is the man who has no vanity at all.

40. Happy is he to whom his business itself becomes a puppet, who at length can play with it, and amuse himself with what his situation makes his duty.

41. One always feels an inclination to sweep one's neighbor's door.

42. Let everyone do his utmost to increase the culture and development of the people, to strengthen and widen it on all sides, that this people may not lag behind other peoples, but may become competent for every great action when the day of its glories arrives.

43. Unjustly are men considered fools who add to their wealth by ceaseless activity—for activity itself is happiness, and riches themselves are valueless in comparison with the delight of its toil by which they are acquired.

44. Tilling the soil is not to my liking—this first and most necessary of man's occupations is disagreeable to me. In it, man does but ape nature, who scatters her seeds everywhere, whereas man would choose that a particular field should produce none but one particular fruit. But things do not go on exactly so—the weeds spring up luxuriantly, the cold and wet injure the crop, or the hail cuts it off entirely. The poor husbandman anxiously waits throughout the year to see how the cards will decide the game with the clouds, and determine whether he shall win or lose his stakes. Such a doubtful, ambiguous condition may be right suitable to man, in his present ignorance, while he knows not whence he came, nor whither he is going. It may then be tolerable to man to resign all his labors to chance, and thus the parson, at any rate, has an opportunity, when things look thoroughly bad, to remind him of Providence, and to connect the sins of his flock with the incidents of nature.

THE HEART OF PLATO.*

Plato. Born, 426 B. C. Died, 345 B. C.

DEMOCRACY.

Next comes democracy and the democratical man; the origin and nature of them we have still to learn, that we may compare the individual and the State, and so pronounce upon them.

That, he said, is our method.

Well, I said, and how does the change from oligarchy into democracy arise? Is it not on this wise? The end which such state desires is to become as rich as possible; and the rulers, who are aware that their own power rests upon property, refuse to

* Following Pro. Jowett's translation.

curtail by law the extravagance of the spendthrift youth because they will gain by their ruin; they lend them money, and buy their land, and grow more wealthy and honorable than ever?

Exactly.

There can be no doubt that you cannot have in the citizens of the same state the love of wealth and the spirit of moderation; one or the other will have to be disregarded.

That is tolerably clear.

Now in this state of things the rulers and their subjects come in one another's way, whether on a journey or some other occasion of meeting, or on a pilgrimage or a march as fellow-soldiers or fellow-sailors; they observe each other in the moment of danger (and where danger is there is no fear that the poor will be despised by the rich), and very likely the wiry, sunburnt poor man may be placed in battle at the side of a wealthy one who has never spoilt his complexion, and has plenty of superfluous flesh—when he sees such an one puffing and at his wits' end, can he avoid drawing the conclusion that men like him are only rich because no one has

the courage to despoil them? And when they meet in private will not people be saying to one another that "our warriors are not good for much?"

Yes, he said, I am quite aware that this is their way of talking.

And as where a body is weak the addition of a touch from without may bring on illness, and sometimes even where there is no external provocation a commotion may arise within, in the same way where there is weakness in the state there is also likely to be illness, of which the occasion may be very slight, one party introducing their democratical, the other their oligarchical allies, and the state falls sick, and is at war with herself; and may be at times distracted, even when there is no external cause?

Yes, surely.

And then democracy comes into being after the poor have conquered their opponents, slaughtering some and banishing some, while to the remainder they give an equal share of freedom and power; and this is the form of government in which the magistrates are commonly elected by lot.

Yes, he said, that is the nature of democracy, whether the revolution has been effected by arms or whether fear has caused the opposite party to withdraw.

And now what is their manner of life, and what sort of a government have they? For as the government is, such will be the man.

Clearly, he said.

In the first place, are they not free? And the city is full of freedom and frankness—a man may do as he likes.

They say so, he replied.

And where freedom is, the individual is clearly able to order his own life as he pleases?

Clearly.

Then in this kind of state there will be the greatest variety of human natures?

There will.

This, then, is likely to be the fairest of states;

and will appear the fairest, being spangled with the manners and characters of mankind like an embroidered robe which is spangled with every sort of flowers. And just as women and children think variety charming, so there are many men who will deem this to be the fairest of states.

Yes.

Yes, my good sir, and there will be no better in which to look for a government.

Why?

Because of the liberty which reigns there; they have a complete assortment of constitutions; and he who has a mind to establish a state, as we have been doing, must go to a democracy as he would to a bazaar at which they sell them, and pick out one that suits him; then when he has made his choice, he may found his state.

He will be sure to have patterns enough.

And there being no necessity, as I said, for you to govern in this state, even if you have the capacity, or to be governed unless you like, or to go to war

when the others go to war, or to be at peace when others are at peace, unless you are disposed—there being no necessity also, because some law forbids you to hold office or be a dicast, that you should not hold office or be a dicast, if you take a fancy—is not that a way of life which for the moment is supremely delightful?

For the moment, yes.

And is not their humanity to the condemned often charming? Under such a government there are men who, when they have been sentenced to death or exile, stay where they are and walk about the world; the gentleman parades like a hero, as though nobody saw or cared.

Yes, he replied, many and many a one.

See, too, I said, the forgiving spirit of democracy, and the "don't care" about trifles, and the disregard which she shows of all the fine principles which we were solemnly affirming at the foundation of the city—as when we said that, except in the case of some rare natures, never will there be a good man who in his early youth has not made things of beauty a delight and a study—how grandly does she trample

our words under her feet, never giving a thought to the pursuits which make a statesman, and promoting to honor anyone who professes to be the people's friend.

Yes, she is of a noble spirit.

These and other kindred characteristics are proper to democracy, which is a charming form of government, full of variety and disorder, and dispensing equality to equals and unequals alike.

PHILOSOPHER.

SOCRATES.—Then, as this is your wish, I will describe the leaders; for there is no use in talking about the inferior sort. In the first place, the lords of philosophy have never, from their youth upward, known their way to the Agora, or the dicastery, in the council, or any other political assembly; they neither see nor hear the laws or votes of the state written or recited; the eagerness of political societies in the attainment of offices, clubs, and banquets, and rivals, and singing maidens, do not enter even into their dreams. Whether any event has turned out well or ill in the city, what disgrace may have descended to anyone from his ancestors, male or

female, are matters of which the philosopher no more knows than he can tell, as they say, how many pints are contained in the ocean. Neither is he conscious of his ignorance. For he does not hold aloof in order that he may gain a reputation; but the truth is, that the outer form of him only is in the city; his mind, disdaining the littlenesses and nothingnesses of human things, is "flying all abroad," as Pindar says, measuring with line and rule the things which are under and on the earth and above the heaven, interrogating the whole nature of each and all, but not condescending to anything which is within reach.

THEOD.—What do you mean, Socrates?

SOCRATES.—I will illustrate my meaning, Theodorus, by the jest which the clever, witty Thracian handmaid made about Thales, when he fell into a well as he was looking up at the stars. She said, that he was so eager to know what was going on in heaven that he could not see what was before his feet. This is a jest which is equally applicable to all philosophers. For the philosopher is wholly unacquainted with his next-door neighbor; he is ignorant, not only of what he is doing, but he hardly knows whether he is a man or an animal; he is

searching into the essence of man, and busy in inquiring what belongs to such a nature to do or suffer different from any other; I think that you understand me, Theodorus?

THEODORUS.—I do, and what you say is true.

SOCRATES.—And thus, my friend, on every occasion, private as well as public, as I said at first, when he appears in a law court, or in any place in which he has to speak of things which are at his feet and before his eyes, he is the jest, not only of Thracian handmaids, but of the general herd, tumbling into wells and every sort of disaster through his inexperience. His awkwardness is fearful, and gives the impression of imbecility. When he is reviled, he has nothing personal to say in answer to the civilities of his adversaries, for he knows no scandals of anyone, and they do not interest him; and therefore he is laughed at for his sheepishness; and when others are being praised and glorified, in the simplicity of his heart he cannot help laughing openly and unfeignedly; and this again makes him look like a fool. When he hears a tyrant or king eulogized, he fancies that he is listening to the praises of some keeper of cattle—a swineherd, or shepherd, or cowherd, who is congratulated on the

quantity of milk which he squeezes from them; and he remarks that the creature whom they tend, and out of whom they squeeze the wealth, is of a less tractable and more insidious nature. Then, again, he observes that the great man is of necessity as ill-mannered and uneducated as any shepherd—for he has no leisure; and he is surrounded by a wall, which is his mountain-pen.

Hearing of enormous landed proprietors of ten thousand acres and more, our philosopher deems this to be a trifle, because he has been accustomed to think of the whole earth; and when they sing the praises of family, and say that someone is a gentleman because he has had seven generations of wealthy ancestors, he thinks that their sentiments only betray a dull and narrow vision in those who utter them, and who are not educated enough to look at the whole, nor to consider that every man has had thousands and thousands of progenitors, and among them have been rich and poor, kings and slaves, Hellenes and barbarians, many times over. And when the people pride themselves on having a pedigree of twenty-five ancestors, which goes back to Heracles, the son of Amphitryon, he cannot understand their poverty of ideas. Why they are unable to calculate that Amphitryon had

a twenty-fifth ancestor, who might have been anybody, and was such as fortune made him, and he had a fiftieth, and so on. He amuses himself with the notion that they cannot count, and thinks that a little arithmetic would have got rid of their senseless vanity. Now, in all these cases our philosopher is derided by the vulgar party because he is thought to despise them, and also because he is ignorant of what is before him, and always at a loss.

THEODORUS.—That is very true, Socrates.

SOCRATES.—But, O my friend, when he draws the other into upper air and gets him out of his pleas and rejoinders into the contemplation of justice and injustice in their own nature and in their difference from one another and from all other things; or from the commonplaces about the happiness of kings to the consideration of government, and of human happiness and misery in general —what they are, and how a man is to attain the one and avoid the other—when that narrow, keen little legal mind is called to account about all this, he gives the philosopher his revenge, for dizzied by the height at which he is hanging, whence he looks into space, which is a strange experience to him, he being dismayed and lost, and stammering

out broken words, is laughed at, not by Thracian handmaidens or any other uneducated persons, for they have no eye for the situation, but by every man who has not been brought up as a slave.

THE HEART OF EMERSON.

Ralph Waldo Emerson. Born, 1803. Died, 1882.

1. Life brings to each his task, and whatever art you select, algebra, planting, architecture, poems, commerce, politics—all are attainable, even to the miraculous triumphs, on the same terms, of selecting that for which you are apt—begin at the beginning, proceed in order, step by step. 'Tis as easy to twist iron anchors and braid cannons as to braid straw; to boil granite as to boil water, if you take all the steps in order. Wherever there is failure there is some giddiness, some superstition about luck, some step omitted, which nature never pardons.

2. There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love,—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed, and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows.

3. The first and last lesson of the useful arts is, that Nature tyrannizes over our works. They must be conformed to her law, or they will be ground to powder by her omnipresent activity. Nothing droll, nothing whimsical will endure. Nature is ever interfering with art. You cannot build your house or your pagoda as you will, but as you must. There is a quick bound set to your caprice. The leaning tower can only lean so far. The veranda or pagoda roof can curl upward only to a certain point.

4. His heart was as great as the world, but there was no room in it to hold the memory of a wrong.

5. Our life is March weather, savage and serene in one hour. We go forth austere, dedicated, believing in the iron links of Destiny, and will not turn on our heel to save our life, but a book or a bust, or only the sound of a name, shoots a spark through the nerves, and we suddenly believe in will.

6. High thanks I owe you, excellent lovers, who carry out the world for me to new and noble depths, and enlarge the meaning of all my thoughts.

7. I know not whether there be, as is alleged, in the upper region of our atmosphere, a permanent westerly current, which carries with it all atoms

which rise to that height, but I see that when souls reach a certain clearness of perception, they accept a knowledge and motive above selfishness. A breath of will blows eternally through the universe of souls in the direction of the Right and Necessary. It is the air which all intellects inhale and exhale, and it is the wind which blows the world into order and orbit.

8. There is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunderstroke, I beseech you, by all angels, to hold your peace, and not pollute the morning, to which all the house-mates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans.

9. No man has a prosperity so high or firm but two or three words can dishearten it. There is no calamity which right words will not begin to redress.

10. You believe yourselves rooted and grounded on adamant; when really you are spinning like bubbles in a river, you know not whither or whence, and you are bottomed and capped and wrapped in delusions.

11. The perception of the comic is a tie of sym-

pathy with other men, a pledge of sanity, and a protection from those perverse tendencies and gloomy insanities in which fine intellects sometimes lose themselves. A rogue alive to the ridiculous is still convertible. If that sense is lost, his fellow-men can do little for him.

12. Nature is upheld by antagonism. Passions, resistance, danger, are educators. We acquire the strength we have overcome.

13. I have heard that, whenever the name of man is spoken, the doctrine of immortality is announced: it cleaves to his constitution. The mode of it baffles our wit, and no whisper comes to us from the other side. But the inference from the working of intellect, hiving knowledge, hiving skill—at the end of life just ready to be born,—affirms the inspirations of affection and of the moral sentiment.

14. For every grain of wit there is a grain of folly. For everything you have missed, you have gained something else: and for everything you gain you lose something. * * * * If the gatherer gathers too much, Nature takes out of the man what she puts into his chest: swells the estate, but kills the owner. Nature hates monopolies and exceptions.

15. I count him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and difficulty: he has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light, and in large relations, whilst they must make painful corrections, and keep a vigilant eye on many sources of error. * * * * He is great who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others.

16. A rush of thoughts is the only conceivable prosperity that can come to us. Fine clothes, equipages, villa, park, social consideration, can not cover up real poverty and insignificance.

17. The world globes itself in a drop of dew, * * * * So do we put our life into every act.

18. The dice of God are always loaded.

19. What will you have? quoth God. Pay for it and take it.

20. These roses under my window make no reference to former roses or to better ones: they are for what they are: they exist with God today. There is no time to them. There is simply the rose: it is perfect in every movement of its existence. Before a leaf-bud has burst, its whole life acts: in the full-

blown flower there is no more; in the leafless root there is no less.

21. Nature is sanative, refining, elevating. How cunningly she hides every wrinkle of her inconceivable antiquity under roses and violets and morning dew! Every inch of the mountains is scarred by unimaginable convulsions, yet the new day is purple with the bloom of youth and love. Look out into the July night, and see the broad belt of silver flame which flashes up the half of heaven, fresh and delicate as the bonfires of the meadow-flies. Yet the powers of numbers cannot compute its enormous age—lasting as space and time—embosomed in time and space.

22. A true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the center of things. Ordinarily, everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else, or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else; it takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; * * * * and posterity seems to follow in his steps as a train of clients. A man Caesar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire.

23. Thoreau's power of observation seemed to indicate additional senses. He saw as with microscope, heard as with ear trumpet; and his memory was a photographic register of all he saw and heard. There is a flower called by the Swiss EDELWEISS, which signifies Noble Purity. Thoreau seemed to me living in the hope to gather this plant, which belonged to him of right. The country knows not yet, or in the least part, how great a son it has lost. It seems an injury that he should leave in the midst his broken task, which none else can finish—a kind of indignity to so noble a soul that it should depart out of Nature before yet he has been really shown to his peers for what he is.

24. Every moment instructs, and every object, for wisdom is infused into every form. It has been poured into us as blood; it convulsed us as pain; it slid into us as pleasure; it enveloped us in dull, melancholy days, or in days of cheerful labor; we did not guess its essence, until after a long time.

25. A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. * * * * Speak what you think now in hard words, and tomorrow speak

what tomorrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said today.

26. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

27. To the poet, to the philosopher, to the saint, all things are friendly and sacred, all events profitable, all days holy, all men divine.

27. 'Tis a Dutch proverb, that "paint costs nothing"; such are its preserving qualities in damp climates. Well, sunshine costs less, yet is finer pigment. And so of cheerfulness, or a good temper. The more it is spent, the more of it remains. The latent heat of an ounce of wood or stone is inexhaustible. You may rub the same chip of pine to the point of kindling, a hundred times: and the power of happiness of any soul is not to be computed or drained. It is observed that a depression of spirits develops the germs of a plague in individuals and nations.

29. Music and rhyme are among the earliest pleasures of the child, and, in the history of literature,

poetry precedes prose. Every one may see as he rides on the highway through an uninteresting landscape, how a little water instantly relieves the monotony: no matter what objects are near it—a gray rock, a grass-patch, an alder-bush, or a stake—they become beautiful by being reflected. It is rhyme to the eye, and explains the charm of rhyme to the ear. Shadows please us as still finer rhymes.

30. The charm of the best courages is that they are inventions, inspirations, flashes of genius. The hero could not have done the feat at another hour, in a lower mood.

31. Life is a series of surprises, and would not be worth taking or keeping, if it were not. God delights to isolate us every day, and hide from us the past and the future. We would look about us, but with grand politeness he draws down before us an impenetrable screen of purest sky, and another behind us of purest sky.

32. It is the part of prudence to face every claimant, and pay every just demand on your time, your talents, or your heart. Always pay; for, first or last, you must pay your entire debt. Persons and events may stand for a time between you and

justice, but it is only a postponement. You must pay at last your own debt.

33. If we live truly we shall see truly. It is as easy for the strong man to be strong, as it is for the weak to be weak. When we have new perception, we shall gladly disburden the memory of its hoarded treasures as old rubbish. When a man lives with God, his voice shall be as sweet as the murmurs of the brook and the rustle of the corn.

34. Go with mean people and you think life is mean.

35. In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away.

36. All healthy things are sweet tempered.

37. The intellect is cheerful.

38. The one thing which we seek with insatiable desire is to forget ourselves, to be surprised out of our propriety, and to do something without knowing how or why.

39. The poet gives us the eminent experiences only—a god stepping from peak to peak, nor planting his foot but on a mountain.

40. Nature and books belong to the eyes that see them. It depends on the mood of the man whether he shall see the sunset or the fine poem. There are always sunsets, and there is always genius; but only a few hours so serene that we can relish nature or criticism.

41. The true bards have been noted for their firm and cheerful temper. Homer lies in sunshine; Chaucer is glad and erect. Not less sovereign and cheerful—much more sovereign and cheerful, is the tone of Shakespeare. His name suggests joy and emancipation to the hearts of men.

42. All I have seen teaches me to trust the Creator for all I have not seen.

43. How wearisome the grammarian, the phrenologist, the political or religious fanatic, or indeed any possessed mortal whose balance is lost by the exaggeration of a single topic. It is incipient insanity.

44. Sensible men are very rare.

45. Whilst the great man sits on the cushion of advantages, he goes to sleep. When he is pushed, tormented, defeated, he has a chance to learn something.

46. Poetry must be affirmative. It is the piety of the intellect.

47. Such and so potent is this high method by which the Divine Providence sends the chiefest benefits under the mask of calamities, that I do not think we shall by any perverse ingenuity prevent the blessing.

48. I have heard that whoever loves is in no condition old.

49. Let a man learn to look for the permanent in the mutable and fleeting: let him learn to bear the disappearance of things he was wont to reverence, without losing his reverence; let him learn that he is here, not to work, but to be worked upon: and that, though abyss open under abyss, and opinion displace opinion, all are at last contained in the Eternal cause. "If my bark sink, 'tis to another sea."

THE HEART OF HEGEL.*

Georg W. F. Hegel. Born, 1770. Died, 1831.

1. Man cannot possibly receive anything that is given from without, like the wax that is moulded to a form, for everything is latent in the mind of man, and he only seems to learn it. Certainly everything begins from without, but this is only the beginning; the truth is that this is only an impulse towards the development of spirit. All that has value to men, the eternal, the self-existent, is contained in man himself, and has to develop from himself.

2. It is a very false idea of Christian humility and modesty to desire through one's own abjectness to attain to excellence. This confession of one's own nothingness is really great self-conceit. To

* Following chiefly Holdane's translation.

attain to true humility we must not remain in our misery, but raise ourselves above it by laying hold of the divine.

3. It is certainly not on the finite ground occupied by the exact sciences that we can expect to meet the indwelling presence of the infinite. Lalande was right when he said he had swept the whole heaven with his glass and seen no God.

4. Diogenes' way of life was not independent, but occasioned by his social surroundings. It was itself an ungainly product of luxury. Where luxury is extreme, there also prevail distress and depravity, and cynicism results from an antagonism to over-refinement.

5. Why should God not reveal himself to us if we earnestly seek the knowledge of him? A light loses nothing by another's being kindled therefrom.* * * If the knowledge of God were kept from us in order that we should know the finite only, and not attain to the infinite, God would be a jealous God, or God would become an empty name. Such talk just signifies that we wish to neglect what is higher and divine, seeking after our petty interests and opinions. This humility is sin—the sin against the Holy Ghost.

6. It is true that God is necessity, or, as we may also put it, that he is the absolute thing; he is, however, no less the absolute person. That he is the absolute person, however, is a point which the philosophy of Spinoza never reached; and on that side it falls short of the true notion of God which forms the content of religious consciousness in Christianity.

7. The talk about the limitations of human thought is futile; to know God is the only end of religion. The testimony of the spirit to the content of religion is itself religion; it is a testimony that bears witness, and at the same time is that witness. The spirit proves itself, and does so in the proof.

8. All the various peoples feel that it is in the religious consciousness that they possess truth, and they have always regarded religion as constituting their true dignity, and the Sabbath of their lives. Whatever awakens in us doubt and fear, all sorrow, all care, all the limited interests of finite life, we leave behind on the shores of time; and as from the highest peak of a mountain, far away from all definite view of what is earthly, we look down calmly upon all the limitations of the landscape and of the world, so with the spiritual eye, man,

lifted out of the hard realities of this actual world, contemplates it as something having only the semblance of existence, which, seen from this pure region bathed in the beams of the spiritual sun, merely reflects back its shades of color, its varied tints and lights, softened away into eternal rest.

9. If feeling is made the fundamental characteristic of man, he is brought down to the level of the brute; for the peculiarity of a brute is to have feeling as its determination, and to live in conformity with feeling. If religion in a man takes a feeling as its basis, this feeling is in reality nothing more than the feeling of his dependence; and thus the dog would be the best Christian, since he has this feeling most developed in him, and it is pre-eminent in his life. * * * * But the spirit becomes free and has the feeling of its divine freedom in religion; it is only the free spirit that has religion and can have religion; what is subjugated in religion is the natural feeling of the heart, particular subjectivity; what in it is free, and indeed by these means becomes free, is spirit.

10. It is a common idea in reference to the power of religion, abstractly considered, over the hearts of men, that if Christian love were universal,

private and political life would both be perfect, and the state of mankind would be thoroughly righteous and moral. This may represent a pious wish, but it does not represent the truth; for religion is something inward, pertaining only to the conscience. To it all the passions and desires are opposed, and in order that the heart, will, intelligence, may become true, they must be thoroughly educated. Right must become custom, habit; practical activity must be elevated to rational action; the state must have a rational organization, and then at length does the will of the individual become a truly righteous one.

11. A philosophy without heart and a faith without intellect are abstractions from the true life and being of knowledge and faith. The man whom philosophy leaves cold, and the man whom real faith does not illumine, may be assured that the fault lies in themselves, not in knowledge and faith. The former is still an alien from philosophy, the latter an alien from faith.

12. The charge of Atheism is seldom heard in modern times, principally because the facts and the requirements of religion are reduced to a minimum.

13. Scepticism gives the infinite the itch in order to be able to scratch it.

14. We find in the Bible a well-known conception, called in an abstract fashion the fall, and expressed in an outward and mythical shape. This idea is a very profound one, and represents not what is merely a kind of accidental history, but rather the everlasting necessary history of mankind.

15. Christ—man as man—in whom the unity of God and man has appeared,—has in his death, and his history generally, himself presented the eternal history of spirit—a history which every man has to accomplish in himself in order to exist as spirit, or to become a child of God, a citizen of his kingdom.

16. Christianity, we know, teaches that God wishes all men to be saved. That teaching declares that subjectivity has an infinite value. And that consoling power of Christianity just lies in the fact that God himself is known as the absolute subjectivity; so that, inasmuch as subjectivity involves the element of particularity, OUR particular personality, too, is recognized, not merely as something to be solely

and simply nullified, but as at the same time something to be preserved.

17. All unsatisfied endeavor ceases when we recognize that the final purpose of the world is accomplished, no less than ever accomplishing itself. Generally speaking, this is the man's point of view; the young imagine that the first thing needful is a thorough transformation. The religious mind, on the contrary, views the world as ruled by Divine Providence, and therefore as correspondent with what it ought to be. But this harmony between the "is" and the "ought to be" is not torpid and rigidly stationary. Good, the final end of the world, has being only while it constantly produces itself. And the world of spirit and the world of nature continue to have this distinction, that the latter moves only in a recurring cycle, while the former certainly makes progress as well.

18. By reason of the feeling and insight of which a landscape as depicted by an artist is a manifestation, such a work of mind assumes a higher rank than the mere natural landscape. For everything spiritual is better than anything natural.

19. It is said that nature and its products are a

work of God, created by his goodness and wisdom; whereas the work of art is MERELY a human production made after man's devising by man's hands. In this antithesis between natural production as a divine creation and human activity as a merely finite creation, we at once come upon the misconception that God does NOT work in man through man, but limits the range of his activity to nature alone. This false conception is to be entirely abandoned if we mean to penetrate the true conception of art. Indeed, in opposition to such an idea, we must adhere to the very reverse, believing that God is more honored by what mind does or makes than by the productions or formations of nature. For not only is there a divinity in man, but in him it is operative under a form that is appropriate to the essence of God, in a mode quite other and higher than in nature. God is a spirit, and it is only in man that the medium through which the divine element passes has the form of conscious spirit that actively realizes itself.

20. Reason is as cunning as it is powerful. Cunning may be said to be in the intermediative action which, while it permits the objects to follow their own bent, and act upon one another until they waste away, and does not itself directly inter-

fere in the process, is nevertheless only working out its own aims. With this explanation, Divine Providence may be said to stand to the world and its process in the capacity of absolute cunning. God lets men do as they please with their particular passions and interests; but the result is the accomplishment of, not THEIR plans, but his, and these differ decidedly from the ends primarily sought by those whom he employs.

21. It is hard for man to believe that reason actually exists, but there is nothing real except reason; it is absolute power.

22. No idea is so generally recognized as indefinite, ambiguous, and open to the greatest misconceptions, as the idea of liberty, now in common currency with so little appreciation of its meaning. * * * * When individuals and nations have got into their heads the abstract concept of once full-blown liberty, there is nothing like it in its uncontrollable strength, just because it is the very essence of mind, and that as its very actuality. * * * * It was through Christianity that this idea came into the world. According to Christianity, the individual AS SUCH has an infinite value as the object and aim of divine love, destined as mind to

live in absolute relationship with God himself, and have God's mind dwelling in him; i. e., man is implicitly destined to supreme freedom.

23. It is fully fifteen hundred years since, through the influence of Christianity, the freedom of the person began to flourish, and, at least in a small section of the human race, took rank as a universal principle. But the recognition here and there of the principle of the freedom of property is, as it were, a thing of yesterday. This is a good example from world history of the length of time needed by the spirit to reach self-consciousness, and is a rebuke also to the impatience of opinion.

24. The ordinary man believes that he is free when he is allowed to act capriciously, but precisely in caprice is it inherent that he is not free. When I will the rational, I do not act as a particular individual, but according to the conceptions of ethical observance; in an ethical act. I establish, not myself, but the thing. A man who acts perversely exhibits particularity.

25. In the simple language of the religious mind, which speaks of God's eternal and immutable de-

crees, there is implied an express recognition that necessity forms part of the essence of God. In his difference from God, man, with his own private opinion and will, follows the call of caprice and arbitrary humor, and thus often finds his acts turn out something quite different from what he had meant and willed. But God knows what he wills is determined in his eternal will neither by accident from within nor from without; and what he wills he also accomplishes irresistibly.

26. Equality is the abstract identity set up by the mere understanding. * * * * Men are equal, it is true, but only as persons, that is, only with reference to the source of possession.

27. "Who will be great," says Goethe, "must be able to limit himself." By volition alone man enters actuality, however distasteful it may be to him; for indolence will not desert its own self-brooding, in which it clings to a general possibility.

28. The sentence, IN MAGNIS VOLUISSE SAT EST, is right, if it means that one should will something great. But he should also carry it out, otherwise his volition is vain. The laurels of mere willing are dry leaves, which have never been green.

29. There slumber in the mind of modern times ideas which require for their awakening other surroundings and another present than the abstract, dim, grey thought of older times.

30. Knowledge brought about the fall, but it also contains the principle of redemption.

THE HEART OF THOREAU.

Henry David Thoreau. Born, 1817. Died, 1862.

1. However intense my experience, I am conscious of the presence and criticism of a part of me, which, as it were, is not a part of me, but spectator, sharing no experience, but taking note of it; and that is no more I than it is you. When the play, it may be the tragedy, of life is over, the spectator goes his way. It was a kind of fiction, a work of the imagination only, so far as he was concerned. This doubleness may easily make us poor neighbors and friends sometimes.

2. The indescribable innocence and beneficence of nature—of sun and wind and rain, of summer and winter—such health, such cheer they afford forever; and such sympathy have they even with our race, that all nature would be affected, and the sun's brightness fade, and the winds would sigh humanely, and the clouds rain tears, and the woods

shed their leaves and put on mourning in midsummer, if any man should ever for a just cause grieve. Shall I not have intelligence with the earth? Am I not partly leaves and vegetable mould myself?

3. Our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice. Goodness is the only investment that never fails.

4. Chastity is the flowering of man; and what are called Genius, Heroism, Holiness and the like, are but various fruits which succeed it. Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open. By turns our purity inspires and our impurity casts us down. He is blessed who is assured that the animal is dying out in him day by day, and the divine being established.

5. If you would avoid uncleanness, and all the sins, work earnestly, though it be at cleaning a stable. Nature is hard to be overcome, but she must be overcome.

6. Every man is the builder of a temple, called his body, to the God he worships, after a style purely his own, nor can he get off by hammering marble instead. We are all sculptors and painters, and our

material is our own flesh and blood and bones. Any nobleness begins at once to refine a man's features, any meanness or sensuality to imbrute them.

7. A man is rich in proportion to the number of things which he can afford to let alone.

8. To him whose elastic and vigorous thought keeps pace with the sun, the day is a perpetual morning. It matters not what the clocks say, or the attitudes and labors of men. Morning is when I am awake and there is a dawn in me.

9. To be awake is to be alive. I have never yet met a man who was quite awake. How could I have looked him in the face?

10. God himself culminates in the present moment, and will never be more divine in all the ages. And we are enabled to apprehend at all what is sublime and noble, only by the perpetual instilling and drenching of the reality that surrounds us.

11. The intellect is a cleaver; it discerns and sifts its way into the secret of things. I do not wish to be any more busy with my hands than is necessary. My head is hands and feet, I feel all my best faculties concentrated in it.

12. What are the classics but the noblest recorded thoughts of men? They are the only oracles which are not decayed, and there are such answers to the most modern inquiry in them as Delphi and Dodona never gave.

13. In a pleasant spring morning all men's sins are forgiven. Such a day is a truce to vice. While such a sun holds out to burn, the vilest sinner may return. Through our own recovered innocence, we discern the innocence of our neighbors.

14. We need the tonic of wildness—to wade sometimes in marshes where the bittern and the meadow-hen lurk, and hear the booming of the snipe. At the same time that we are earnest to explore and learn all things, we require that all things be mysterious and inexplorable—that land and sea be infinitely wild.

15. Be a Columbus to whole new continents and worlds within you, opening new channels, not of trade; but of thought. Every man is the lord of a realm beside which the earthly empire of the Czar is but a petty state, a hummock left by the ice.

16. If you would learn to speak all tongues and conform to the customs of all nations, if you would

travel farther than all traders, be naturalized in all climes, and cause the sphinx to dash her head against a stone, even obey the precepts of the old philosopher and explore thyself.

17. I learned this at least by my experiment: That if one advances confidently in the direction of his dreams, and endeavors to live the life which he has imagined, he will meet with a success unimagined in common hours. In proportion as he simplifies his life, the laws of the universe will appear less complex, and solitude will not be solitude, nor poverty poverty, nor weakness weakness.

18. If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost; that is where they should be. Now put the foundations under them.

19. If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or far away. It is not important that he should mature as soon as an apple tree or an oak. Shall he turn his spring into summer?

20. No face which we can give to a matter will stead us so well at last as the truth. This alone wears well.

21. Say what you have to say, not what you ought. Any truth is better than make believe.

22. Love your life, poor as it is—meet it and live it; do not shame it and call it hard names. It is not as bad as you are. It looks poorest when you are richest. The fault-finder will find faults even in paradise.

23. We are often reminded that, if there were bestowed on us the wealth of Crosus, our aims must still be the same, and our means essentially the same.

24. No word is oftener on the lips of men than "friendship," and indeed no thought is more familiar to their aspirations. All men are dreaming of it, and its drama, which is always a tragedy, is enacted daily. It is the secret of the universe.

25. It is equally impossible to forget our friends, and to make them answer to our ideal. When they say farewell, then indeed we begin to keep them company. How often we find ourselves turning our backs on our actual friends, that we may go and meet their ideal cousins.

26. It takes two to speak the truth—one to speak, and another to hear.

27. What is commonly called friendship is only a little more honor among rogues.

28. Between whom there is hearty truth there is love; and in proportion to our truthfulness and confidence in one another, our lives are divine and miraculous, and answer to our ideal.

29. Who are the estranged? Two friends explaining.

30. Impatient and uncertain lovers think that they must say or do something kind whenever they meet; they must never be cold. But they who are friends do not do what they THINK they must, but what they MUST. Even their friendship is, in one sense, a sublime phenomenon to them.

31. A hero's love is as delicate as a maiden's.

32. Wait not till I invite thee, but observe that I am glad to see thee when thou comest.

33. It is one proof of a man's fitness for friendship that he is able to do without that which is cheap and passionate. A true friendship is as wise as it is tender.

34. Perhaps there are none charitable, none

disinterested, none wise, noble, and heroic enough, for a true and lasting friendship.

35. I sometimes hear my friends complain finely that I do not appreciate their fineness. I shall not tell them whether I do or not. As if they expected a vote of thanks for every fine thing which they uttered or did. Who knows but it was finely appreciated? It may be that your silence was the finer thing of the two.

36. In human intercourse the tragedy begins, not when there is misunderstanding about words, but when silence is not understood. Then there can never be an explanation.

37. True love does not quarrel for slight reasons—such mistakes as mutual acquaintances can explain away; but, alas, however slight the apparent cause, only for adequate and fatal and everlasting reasons, which can never be set aside. Its quarrel, if there is any, is ever recurring, notwithstanding the beams of affection which invariably come to gild its tears.

38. As I love nature, as I love singing birds, and gleaming stubble, and flowing rivers, and morning and evening, and summer and winter, I love thee, my friend.

39. We are all ordinarily in a state of desperation. Such is our life, it oft times drives us to suicide. To how many, perhaps to most, life is barely tolerable; and if it were not for the fear of death or of dying, what a multitude would immediately commit suicide. But let us hear a strain of music, and we are at once advertised of a life which no man had told us of, which no preacher preaches.

40. Let nothing come between you and the light. Respect men as brothers only. When you travel to the celestial city, carry no letter of introduction. When you knock, ask to see God—none of the servants.

41. Some men go a-hunting, some a-fishing, some a-gaming, some to war; but none have so pleasant a time as they who in earnest seek to earn their bread. It is true actually as it is true really; it is true materially as it is true spiritually, that they who seek honestly and sincerely, with all their hearts and lives and strength, to earn their bread, do earn it, and it is sure to be very sweet to them. A very little bread—a very few crumbs are enough, if it be of the right quality, for it is infinitely nutritious. Let each man, then, earn at least a crumb of bread for his body before he dies, and know the

taste of it—that it is identical with the bread of life, and that they both go down at one swallow.

42. That we have but little faith is not sad, but that we have but little faithfulness. By faithfulness faith is earned.

43. The laws of earth are for the feet, or inferior man; the laws of heaven are for the head, or superior man. The latter are the former sublimed and expanded, even as radii from the earth's center go on diverging into space.

44. It is not when I am going to meet him, but when I am just turning away and leaving him alone, that I discover that God is. I say, God; I am not sure that that is the name. You will know whom I mean.

45. Is not the attitude of expectation somewhat divine—a sort of home-made divineness? Does it not compel a kind of sphere-music to attend on it? And do not its satisfactions merge at length, by insensible degrees, in the enjoyment of the thing expected?

46. Our thoughts are the epochs in our lives,

and all else is but as a journal of the winds that blew while we were here.

47. It is not easy to make our lives respectable by any course of activity. We must repeatedly withdraw into our shells of thought like the tortoise, somewhat helplessly; yet there is more than philosophy in that.

48. I have outgrown nothing good, but, I do not fear to say, fallen behind by whole continents of virtue, which should have been passed as islands in my course; but I trust—what else can I trust?—that, with a stiff wind, some Friday, when I have thrown some of my cargo overboard, I may make up for all that distance lost.

49. Man is continually saying to woman, Why will you not be more wise? Woman is continually saying to man, Why will you not be more loving? It is not in their wills to be wise or to be loving; but, unless each is both wise and loving, there can be neither wisdom nor love.

50. The man I meet with is often not so instructive as the silence he breaks.

51. The heart is blind; but love is not blind.

52. If you seek the warmth even of affection from a similar motive to that from which cats and dogs and slothful persons hug the fire, because your temperature is low through sloth, you are on the downward road, and it is but to plunge yet deeper into sloth. The warmth of celestial love does not relax, but nerves and braces its enjoyer. Warm your body by healthful exercise, not by cowering over a stove. Warm your spirit by performing independently noble deeds, not by ignobly seeking the sympathy of your fellows who are no better than yourself. A man's social and spiritual discipline must answer to his corporeal. He must lean on a friend who has a hard breast, as he would lie on a hard bed. He must drink cold water for his only beverage. So he must not hear sweetened and colored words, but pure and refreshing truths. He must daily bathe in truth cold as spring water, not warmed by the sympathy of friends.

THE HEART OF DARWIN.

Charles Robert Darwin. Born, 1809. Died, 1882.

1. It has often been vaguely asserted that plants are distinguished from animals by not having the power of movement. It should rather be said that plants acquire and display this power only when it is of some advantage to them. This being of comparatively rare occurrence, as they are affixed to the ground, and food is brought to them by the air and rain. We see how high in the scale of organization a plant may rise when we look at one of the more perfect tendril-bearers. It first places its tendrils ready for action, as a polypus places its tentacles. If the tendril be displaced, it is acted on by the force of gravity and rights itself. It is acted on by the light, and bends toward or from it, or disregards it, whichever may be most advantageous. During several days the tendrils or internodes, or both,

spontaneously revolve with a steady motion. The tendril strikes some object and quickly curls round and firmly grasps it. In the course of some hours it contracts into a spire, dragging up the stem, and forming an excellent spring. All movements now cease. By growth the tissues soon become wonderfully strong and durable. The tendril has done its work, and has done it in an admirable manner.

2. The fact that the leaves of many plants place themselves at night in widely different positions from what they hold during the day, but with the one point in common, that their upper surfaces avoid facing the zenith, often with the additional fact that they come into close contact with opposite leaves, or leaflets, clearly indicates, as it seems to us, that the object gained is the protection of the upper surfaces from being chilled at night by radiation. There is nothing improbable in the upper surface needing protection more than the lower, as the two differ in function and structure. All gardeners know that plants suffer from radiation. It is this, and not cold winds, which the peasants of Southern Europe fear for their olives.

3. Worms have played a more important part in

the history of the world than most persons would at first suppose. In almost all humid countries they are extraordinarily numerous, and for their size possess great muscular strength. In many parts of England a weight of more than ten tons of dry earth annually passes through their bodies and is brought to the surface on each acre of land; so that the whole superficial bed of vegetable mold passes through their bodies in the course of every few years. From the collapsing of the old burrows the mold is in constant though slow movement, and the particles composing it are thus rubbed together. By these means fresh surfaces are continually exposed to the action of the carbonic acid in the soil, and of the humus acids which appear to be still more efficient in the decomposition of rocks. The generation of the humus acids is probably hastened during the digestion of the half-decayed leaves which worms consume. Thus the particles of earth, forming the superficial mold, are subjected to conditions eminently favorable for their decomposition and disintegration. Moreover, the particles of the softer rocks suffer some amount of mechanical trituration in the muscular gizzards of worms, in which small stones serve as mill-stones.

4. Worms prepare the ground in an excellent

manner for the growth of fibrous-rooted plants and for seedlings of all kinds. They periodically expose the mold to the air, and sift it so that no stones larger than the particles which they can swallow are left in it. They mingle the whole intimately together, like a gardener who prepares fine soil for his choicest plants. In this state it is well fitted to retain moisture and to absorb all soluble substances, as well as for the process of nitrification. The bones of dead animals, the harder parts of insects, the shells of land-mollusks, leaves, twigs, etc., are before long all buried beneath the accumulating castings of worms, and are thus brought in a more or less decayed state within reach of the roots of plants. Worms likewise drag an infinite number of dead leaves and other parts of plants into their burrows, partly for the sake of plugging them up and partly as food. The leaves which are dragged into the burrows as food, after being torn into the finest shreds, partially digested, and saturated with the intestinal and urinary secretions, are commingled with much earth. This earth forms the dark-colored, rich humus which almost everywhere covers the surface of the land with a fairly well-defined layer or mantle.

5. When we behold a wide, turf-covered expanse,

we should remember that its smoothness, on which so much of its beauty depends, is mainly due to all the inequalities having been slowly leveled by worms. It is a marvelous reflection that the whole of the superficial mold of any such expanse has passed, and will again pass, every few years through the bodies of worms. The plow is one of the most ancient and most valuable of man's inventions; but long before he existed the land was in fact regularly plowed, and still continues to be thus plowed, by earth-worms.

6. I find from experiments that humble-bees are almost indispensable to the fertilization of the heart's-ease, for other bees do not visit this flower. I have also found that the visits of bees are necessary for the fertilization of some kinds of clover: for instance, 40 heads of Dutch clover yielded 2,290 seeds, but 20 other heads, protected from bees, produced not one. Again, 100 heads of red clover produced 2,700 seeds, but the same number of protected heads produced not a single seed. Humble-bees alone visit red clover, as other bees cannot reach the nectar. It has been suggested that moths may fertilize the clovers; but I doubt whether they could do so in the case of the red clover, from their weight not being sufficient to depress the

wing-petals. Hence we may infer as highly probable that, if the whole genus of humble-bees became extinct or very rare in England, the heart's-ease or red clover would become very rare, or wholly disappear. The number of humble-bees in any district depends in a great measure on the number of field mice, which destroy their combs and nests; and Col. Newman, who has long attended to the habits of humble-bees, believes that "more than two-thirds of them are thus destroyed all over England." Now, the number of mice is largely dependent, as every one knows, on the number of cats; and Col. Newman says, "Near villages and small towns I have found the nests of humble-bees more numerous than elsewhere, which I attribute to the number of cats that destroy the mice." Hence it is quite credible that the presence of a feline animal in large numbers in a district might determine, through the intervention first of mice and then of bees, the frequency of certain flowers in that district!

7. An omniscient Creator must have foreseen every consequence which results from the laws imposed by him. But can it be reasonably maintained that the Creator intentionally ordered, if we use the words in any ordinary sense, that certain fragments of rock should assume certain shapes so

that the builder might erect his edifice? If the various laws which have determined the shape of each fragment were not predetermined for the builder's sake, can it be maintained with any greater probability that he specially ordained for the sake of the breeder each of the innumerable variations in our domestic animals and plants—many of these variations being of no service to man, and not beneficial, far more often injurious, to the creatures themselves? Did he ordain that the crop and tail-feathers of the pigeon should vary in order that the fancier might make his grotesque pouter and fan-tail breeds? Did he cause the frame and mental qualities of the dog to vary in order that a breed might be formed of indomitable ferocity, with jaws fitted to pull down the bull for man's brutal sport? But if we give up the principle in one case—if we do not admit that the variations of the primeval dog were intentionally guided in order that the greyhound, for instance, that perfect image of symmetry and vigor, might be formed—no shadow of reason can be assigned for the belief that variations, alike in nature and the result of the same general laws, which have been the groundwork through natural selection of the formation of the most perfectly adapted animals in the world, man included, were intentionally and specially guided. However much we

may wish it, we can hardly follow Professor Asa Gray in his belief "that variation has been led along certain beneficial lines," like a stream, "along definite and useful lines of irrigation." If we assume that each particular variation was from the beginning of all time preordained, then that plasticity of organization, which leads to many injurious deviations of structure, as well as the redundant power of reproduction which inevitably leads to a struggle for existence, and, as a consequence, to the natural selection or survival of the fittest, must appear to us superfluous laws of nature. On the other hand, an omnipotent and omniscient Creator ordains everything and foresees everything. Thus we are brought face to face with a difficulty as insoluble as is that of free-will and predestination.

8. He who has seen a savage in his native land will not feel much shame, if forced to acknowledge that the blood of some more humble creature flows in his viens. For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon, who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs—as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies,

offers up bloody sacrifices, practices infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

9. Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale; and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.

10. We must, however, acknowledge, as it seems to me, that man with all his noble qualities, with sympathy which feels for the most debased, with benevolence which extends not only to other men, but to the humblest living creature, with his god-like intellect which has penetrated into the movements and constitution of the solar system—with all these exalted powers—man still bears in his bodily frame the indelible stamp of his lowly origin.

11. I am aware that the assumed instructive belief in God has been used by many persons as an argument for his existence. But this is a rash argument, as we should thus be compelled to believe in the existence of many cruel and malignant spirits,

only a little more powerful than man; for the belief in them is far more general than in a beneficent Deity. The idea of a universal and beneficent Creator does not seem to arise in the mind of man, until he has been elevated by long-continued culture. He who believes in the advancement of man from some low organized form will naturally ask, How does this bear on the belief in the immortality of the soul? The barbarous races of man, as Sir J. Lubbock has shown, possess no clear belief of this kind; but arguments derived from the primeval beliefs of savages are, as we have just seen, of little or no avail. Few persons feel any anxiety from the impossibility of determining at what precise period in the development of the individual, from the first trace of a minute germinal vesicle, man becomes an immortal being; and there is no greater cause for anxiety because the period cannot possibly be determined in the gradually ascending organic scale. I am aware that the conclusions arrived at will be denounced by some as highly irreligious; but he who denounces them is bound to show why it is more irreligious to explain the origin of man as a distinct species by descent from some lower form, through the laws of variation and natural selection, than to explain the birth of the individual through the laws of ordinary reproduction. The birth both of

the species and of the individual are equally parts of that grand sequence of events, which our minds refuse to accept as the result of blind chance. The understanding revolts at such a conclusion, whether or not we are able to believe that every slight variation of structure—the union of each pair in marriage—the dissemination of each seed—and other such events, have all been ordained for some special purpose.

12. The main conclusion arrived at, namely, that man is descended from some lowly organized form, will, I regret to think, be highly distasteful to many. But there can hardly be a doubt that we are descended from barbarians.

THE HEART OF COLERIDGE.

Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Born, 1772. Died, 1834.

1. Either we have an immortal soul, or we have not. If we have not, we are beasts; the first and wisest of the beasts, it may be, but still true beasts. We shall only differ in degree, and not in kind; just as the elephant differs from the slug. But by the concession of all the materialists of all the schools, or almost all, we are not of the same kind as beasts—and this also we say from our own consciousness. Therefore, methinks, it must be the possession of a soul within us that makes the difference.

2. Love is the admiration and cherishing of the amiable qualities of the beloved person, upon the condition of yourself being the object of their action. The qualities of the sexes correspond. The man's courage is loved by the woman, whose fortitude again is coveted by the man. His vigorous intellect is answered by her infallible tact. Can it

be true what is so constantly affirmed, that there is no sex in souls? I doubt it. I doubt it exceedingly.

3. Every rank of creatures, as it ascends in the scale of creation, leaves death behind it or under it. The metal at its height of being seems a mute prophecy of the coming vegetation, into a mimic semblance of which it crystallizes. The blossom and flower, the acme of vegetable life, divides into correspondent organs with reciprocal functions, and by instructive motions and approximations seems impatient of that fixture by which it is differenced in kind from the flower-shaped psyche that flutters with free wing above it. And wonderfully in the insect-realm doth the irritability, the proper seat of instinct, while yet the nascent sensiblilty is subordinate thereto—most wonderfully, I say, doth the muscular life in the insect, and the musculo-arterial in the bird, imitate and rehearse the adaptive understanding, yea, and the moral affections and charities of man. Let us carry ourselves back in spirit to the mysterious week, the teeming work-days of the Creator, as they rose in vision before the eye of the inspired historian "of the generations of the heaven and earth, in the days that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." And who that hath watched their ways with an understanding

heart, could, as the vision evolving still advanced towards him, contemplate the filial and loyal bee; the home-building, wedded, and divorceless swallow; and, above all, the manifoldly intelligent ant tribes, with their commonwealth and confederacies, their warriors and miners, the husband-folk, that fold in their tiny flocks on the honied leaf, and the virgin sisters with the holy instincts of maternal love, detached and in selfless purity, and not say to himself, behold the shadow of approaching humanity, the sun rising from behind, in the kindling morn of creation! Thus all lower natures find their highest good in semblances and seekings of that which is higher and better. All things strive to ascend, and ascend in their striving. And shall man alone stoop? Shall his pursuits and desires, the reflections of his inward life, be like the reflected image of a tree on the edge of a pool, that grows downward, and seeks a mock heaven in the unstable element beneath it, in neighborhood with the slim water-weeds and oozy bottom-grass that are yet better than itself and more noble, in as far as substances that appear as shadows are preferable to shadows mistaken for substance! No! it must be a higher good to make you happy. While you labor for anything below your proper humanity, you seek a happy life in the region of death.

4. Love, truly such, is itself not the most common thing in the world, and mutual love still less so. But that enduring personal attachment, so beautifully delineated by Erin's sweet melodist, and still more touchingly, perhaps, in the well-known ballad, "John Anderson, my Jo, John," in addition to a depth and constancy of character of no every-day occurrence, supposes a peculiar sensibility and tenderness of nature; a constitutional communicativeness and utterancy of heart and soul; a delight in the detail of sympathy, in the outward and visible signs of the sacrament within—to count, as it were, the pulses of the life of love. But, above all, it supposes a soul which, even in the pride and summertide of life, even in the lustihood of health and strength, had felt oftenest and prized highest that which age cannot take away, and which in all our lovings is THE love; I mean, that willing sense of the unsufficingness of the self for itself, which predisposes a generous nature to see, in the total being of another, the supplement and completion of its own; that quiet perpetual seeking which the presence of the beloved object modulates, not suspends, where the heart momently finds, and, finding, again seeks on; lastly when "life's changeful orb has passed the full," a confirmed faith in the nobleness of humanity, thus brought home and pressed,

as it were, to the very bosom of hourly experience; it supposes, I say, a heartfelt reverence for worth, not the less deep because divested of its solemnity by habit, by familiarity, by mutual infirmities, and even by a feeling of modesty which will arise in delicate minds, when they are conscious of possessing the same, or the correspondent, excellence in their own characters. In short, there must be a mind which, while it feels the beautiful and the excellent in the beloved as its own, and by right of love appropriates it, can call goodness its playfellow; and dares make sport of time and infirmity, while in the person of a thousand-foldly endeared partner, we feel for aged virtue the caressing fondness that belongs to the innocence of childhood, and repeat the same attentions and tender courtesies which had been dictated by the same affection to the same object when attired in feminine loveliness or in manly beauty.

5. I wish our clever young poets would remember my homely definitions of prose and poetry; that is, prose is words in their best order—poetry is the best words in the best order.

6. Genius may co-exist with wildness, idleness, folly, even with crime; but not long, believe me, with selfishness, and the indulgence of an envious disposition.

7. The man's desire is for the woman; but the woman's desire is rarely other than for the desire of the man.

8. A woman's friendship borders more closely on love than man's. Men affect each other in the reflection of noble or friendly acts; whilst women ask fewer proofs, and more signs and expressions of attachment.

9. Good and bad men are each less so than they seem.

10. Holland and the Netherlands ought to be seen once, because no other country is like them. Everything is artificial. You will be struck with the combinations of vivid greenery, and water, and building; but everything is so distinct and remembera-able, that you would not improve your conception by visiting the country a hundred times over. It is interesting to see a country and a nature MADE, as it were, by man, and to compare it with God's nature. If you go, remark (indeed you will be forced to do so in spite of yourself), remark, I say, the identity (for it is more than proximity) of a disgusting dirtiness in all that concerns the dignity of, and reverence for, the human person; and a

persecuting painted cleanliness in everything connected with property. You must not walk in their gardens; nay, you must hardly look into them.

11. I, for one, do not call the sod under my feet my country. But language, religion, laws, government, blood—identity in these makes men of one country.

12. The "Pilgrim's Progress" is composed in the lowest style of English, without slang or false grammar. If you were to polish it, you would at once destroy the reality of the vision. For works of imagination should be written in very plain language; the more purely imaginative they are the more necessary it is to be plain.

13. A poet ought not to pick nature's pocket; let him borrow and so borrow as to repay by the very act of borrowing. Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection; and trust more to your imagination than to your memory.

14. I hold all claims set up for Egypt having given birth to the Greek philosophy to be groundless. It sprang up in Greece itself, and began with physics only. Then it took in the idea of a living cause,

and made pantheism out of the two. Socrates introduced ethics, and taught duties; and then, finally, Plato asserted or reasserted the idea of a God, the maker of the world. The measure of human philosophy was thus full, when Christianity came to add what before was wanting—assurance. After this again, the Neo-Platonists joined theurgy with philosophy, which ultimately degenerated into magic and mere mysticism.

15. There are three classes into which all the women past seventy that ever I knew were to be divided:—1. That dear old soul; 2. That old woman; 3. That old witch.

16. As there is much beast and some devil in man, so is there some angel and some God in him. The beast and the devil may be conquered, but in this life never destroyed.

17. There is the love of the good for the good's sake, and the love of the truth for the truth's sake. I have known many, especially women, love the good for the good's sake; but very few indeed, and scarcely one woman, love the truth for the truth's sake.

18. I regret to see that vile and barbarous vocable

TALENTED, stealing out of the newspapers into the leading reviews and most respectable publications of the day. Most of these pieces of slang come from America.

19. For one mercy I owe thanks beyond all utterance—that, with all my gastric and bowel distempers, my head hath ever been like the head of a mountain in blue air and sunshine.

20. Could you ever discover anything sublime, in our sense of the term, in the classic Greek literature? I never could. Sublimity is Hebrew by birth.

21. There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round, that we cannot even imitate his style. I tried to imitate his manner in the Remorse, and, when I had done, I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger instead. It is really very curious. At first sight, Shakespeare and his contemporary dramatists seem to write in styles much alike; nothing so easy as to fall into that of Massinger and the others; whilst no one has ever yet produced one scene conceived and expressed in the Shakespearean idiom. I suppose it is because Shakespeare is universal, and, in fact, has no MAN-

NER; just as you can so much more readily copy a picture than Nature herself.

22. To please me, a poem must be either music or sense; if it is neither, I confess I cannot interest myself in it.

23. In Shakespeare's Poems the creative power and the intellectual energy wrestle as in a war embrace. Each in its excess of strength seems to threaten the extinction of the other. At length, in the drama, they were reconciled, and fought each with its shield before the breast of the other. Or like two rapid streams, that, at their first meeting within narrow and rocky banks, mutually strive to repel each other, and intermix reluctantly, and in tumult; but soon finding a wider channel and more yielding shores, blend and dilate, and flow on in one current, and with one voice.

24. In the Paradise Lost—indeed, in every one of his poems—it is Milton himself whom you see; his Satan, his Adam, his Raphael, almost his Eve—are all John Milton; and it is a sense of this intense egotism that gives me the greatest pleasure in read-

ing Milton's works. The egotism of such a man is a revelation of spirit.

25. Men of humor are always in some degree men of genius.

26. If a man is not rising upwards to be an angel, depend upon it, he is sinking downwards to be a devil. He cannot stop at the beast. The most savage of men are not beasts. They are worse, a great deal worse.

27. For compassion a human heart suffices; but for full and adequate sympathy with joy, an angel's only. And ever remember, that the more exquisite and delicate a flower of joy, the tenderer must be the hand that plucks it.

28. Schiller's blank verse is bad. He moves in it as a fly in a glue bottle.

29. Not one man in a thousand has either strength of mind or goodness of heart to be an atheist. I repeat it. Not one man in ten thousand has goodness of heart or strength of mind to be an atheist.

30. To most men, experience is like the stern

lights of a ship, which illumine only the track it has passed.

31. Not twenty lines of Scott's poetry will ever reach posterity; it has relation to nothing.

THE HEART OF CARLYLE.

Thomas Carlyle. Born, 1795. Died, 1881.

1. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light, fountain, which it is good and pleasant to be near.

2. The thing a man does practically believe (and this is often enough WITHOUT asserting it even to himself, much less to others); the thing a man does practically lay to heart, and know for certain, concerning his vital relations to this mysterious Universe, and his duty and destiny there, * * * that is his RELIGION.

3. Man everywhere is the born enemy of lies. I find Grand Lamaism itself to have a kind of truth in it.

4. It is a most earnest thing to be alive in this world: to die is not sport for a man.

5. The illimitable, silent, never-resting thing called Time, rolling, rushing on, swift, silent, like an all-embracing ocean-tide, on which we and all the Universe swim like exhalations, like apparitions which ARE, and then ARE NOT; this is forever very literally a miracle; a thing to strike us dumb.

6. The essence of our being, the mystery in us that calls itself "I,"—ah, what words have we for such things?—is a breath of Heaven; the Highest Being reveals himself in man.

7. The great man, with his free force direct out of God's own hand, is the lightning. His word is the wise healing word which all can believe in. All blazes round him now, when he has once struck on it, into fire like his own. The dry mouldering sticks are thought to have called him forth. They did want him greatly; but as to calling him forth— ! —those are critics of small vision, I think, who cry:—"See, is it not the sticks that make the fire?"

8. No sadder proof can be given by a man of his own littleness than disbelief in great men.

9. Ah, does not every true man feel that he is himself made higher by doing reverence to what is really above him? No nobler or more blessed feeling dwells in man's heart.

10. Untamed thought, great, giantlike, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but god-like, and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares, the Goethes!

11. It is ever the way with the Thinker, the spiritual Hero. What he says, all men were not far from saying, were longing to say. The thoughts of all start up, as from painful enchanted sleep, round his Thought; answering to it, Yes, even so!

12. A great soul, any sincere soul, knows not WHAT he is,—alternates between the highest height and the lowest depth; can, of all things, the least measure—Himself!

13. It is an everlasting duty, valid in our day as in that, the duty of being brave. VALOR is still VALUE. The first duty of a man is still that of

subduing FEAR. We must get rid of Fear; we cannot act at all till then. A man's acts are slavish; not true but specious; his very thoughts are false; he thinks too as a slave and a coward, till he has got Fear under his feet.

14. For indeed Valor is the fountain of pity too;—of Truth, and all that is great and good in man.

15. Mirth resting on earnestness and sadness, as the rainbow on black tempest; only a right valiant heart is capable of that.

16. A false man found a religion? Why, a false man cannot build a brick house! If he do not know and follow TRULY the properties of mortar, burnt clay and what else he works in, it is no house that he makes, but a rubbish heap.

17. I should say SINCERITY, a deep, great, genuine sincerity, is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic * * * * I wish you to take this as my primary definition of a great man. A little man may have this; it is competent to all men that God has made; but a Great Man cannot be without it.

18. David's life and history, as written for us in those Psalms of his, I consider to be the truest emblem ever given of a man's moral progress and warfare here below. All earnest souls will ever discern in it the faithful struggle of an earnest human soul towards what is good and best. Struggle often baffled, sore baffled, down as into entire wreck; yet a struggle never ended; ever, with tears, repentance, true unconquerable purpose, begun anew.

19. A silent great soul; he was one of those who cannot BUT be in earnest; whom Nature herself has appointed to be sincere. While others walk in formulas and hearsays, contented enough to dwell there, this man could not screen himself in formulas; he was alone with his own soul and the reality of things.

20. Islam means in its way Denial of Self, Annihilation of Self. This is yet the highest wisdom that Heaven has revealed to our Earth.

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a God-made man, that the poorest son of Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a hero.

21. They wrong man greatly who say he is to be seduced by ease. Difficulty, abnegation, martyrdom, death are the ALLUREMENTS that act on the heart of a man.

22. That man's actions here are of INFINITE moment to him, and never die or end at all; that man, with his little life, reaches upwards high as Heaven, downwards low as hell, and in his threescore years of time holds an Eternity fearfully and wonderfully hidden: all this had burnt itself, as in flame characters into the wild Arab soul (Mahomet). As in flame and lightning, it stands written there: awful, unspeakable, ever present to him. With bursting earnestness, with a fierce savage sincerity, halt, articulating, not able to articulate, he strives to speak it, bodies it forth in that Heaven and that Hell. Bodied forth in what way you will, it is the first of all truths. It is venerable under all embodiments. What is the chief end of man here below? Mahomet has answered that question in a way that might put some of US to shame! He does not, like a Bentham, a Paley, take Right and Wrong, and calculate the profit and loss, ultimate pleasure of the one and of the other; and summing all up by addition and subtraction into a net result, ask you, Whether on the whole the Right does not preponder-

ate considerably? No, it is not BETTER to do the one than other; the one is to the other as life is to death,—as Heaven is to Hell. The one must in nowise be done; the other in nowise left undone. You shall not measure them; they are incommensurable: the one is death eternal to a man, the other is life eternal.

23. Belief is great, life-giving.

24. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us? A kind of inarticulate unfathomable speech which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that!

25. Thought, true labor of any kind, highest virtue itself, is it not the daughter of Pain? Born as out of the black whirl-wind:—true EFFORT, in fact, as of a captive struggling to free himself; that is Thought. In all ways we are "to become perfect through suffering."

26. It is as an emblem of the whole genius of Dante. There is a brevity, an abrupt precision in him: Tacitus is not briefer, more condensed; and then in Dante it seems a natural condensation,

spontaneous to the man. One smiting word; and then there is silence; nothing more said. His silence is more eloquent than words.

27. I suppose if ever pity, tender as a mother's, was in the heart of any man it was in Dante's. I know not in the world an affection equal to that of Dante. It is a tenderness, a trembling, longing, pitying love; like the wail of Æolian harps, soft, soft; like a child's young heart: and then that stern, sore-saddened heart! These longings of his towards his Beatrice; their meeting together in the PARADISO; his gazing in her pure transfigured eyes, her that had been purified by death so long, separated from him so far:—One likens it to the song of angels; it is among the purest utterances of affection, perhaps the very purest, that ever came out of a human soul.

28. Paganism we recognized as a veracious expression of the earnest awe-struck feeling of man towards the universe; veracious, true once, and still not without worth for us. But mark here the difference of Paganism and Christianism: one great difference. Paganism emblemed chiefly the operations of Nature; the destinies, efforts, combinations, vicissitudes of things and men in this world: Chris-

tianism emblemed the Law of Human Duty, the Moral Law of Man. One was for the sensuous nature; a rude, helpless utterance of the FIRST thought of men,—the chief recognized virtue, courage, superiority to Fear. The other was not for the sensuous nature, but for the moral. What a progress is here, if in that one respect only!

29. Curious, I say, and not sufficiently considered: how everything does cooperate with all; not a leaf rotting on the highway but is indissoluble portion of solar and stellar systems; no thought, word or act of man but has sprung withal out of all men, and works sooner or later, recognizably or unrecognizably, on all men! It is all a Tree; circulation of sap and influences, mutual communication of every minutest leaf with the lowest talon of a root, with every other greatest and minutest portion of the whole.

30. We ought to know withal, and to keep forever in mind, that these divisions are at bottom but NAMES; that man's spiritual nature, the vital Force which dwells in him, is essentially one and indivisible; that what we call imagination, fancy, understanding, and so forth, are but different figures of the same Power of Insight, all indissolubly connected with

each other, physiognomically related; that if we knew one of them, we might know all of them. . . . You may see how a man would fight, by the way in which he sings; his courage, or want of courage, is visible in the word he utters, in the opinion he has formed, no less than in the stroke he strikes.

31. Withal the joyful tranquillity of this man (Shakespeare) is notable. I will not blame Dante for his misery: it is as battle without victory; but true battle,—the first, indispensable thing. Yet I call Shakespeare greater than Dante, in that he fought truly and did conquer. . . . His laughter seems to pour from him in floods . . . you would say, with his whole heart laughs. And then, if not always the finest, it is always a genial laughter. Not at mere weakness, at misery, or poverty: never. No man who CAN laugh, what we call laughing, will laugh at these things. It is some poor character only DESIRING to laugh, and have the credit of wit, that does so. Laughter means sympathy: good laughter is not "the crackling of thorns under the pot." . . . Such laughter, like sunshine on the deep sea, is very beautiful to me.

32. I know few things more touching than those soft breathings of affection, soft as a child's or a

mother's, in this great wild heart of Luther. So honest, unadulterated with any cant, homely, rude in their utterance; pure as water welling from the rock.

33. Certainly the Art of Writing is the most miraculous of all things that man has devised. Odin's RUNES were the first form of the work of a Hero. BOOKS, written words, are still miraculous RUNES. The latest form! In BOOKS lies the soul of the whole Past Time, the articulate, audible voice of the Past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. Mighty fleets and armies, harbors and arsenals, vast cities high-domed, many-engined—they are precious, great: but what do they become? Agamemnon, the many Agamemnons, Pericleses, and their Greece; all is gone now to some ruined fragments, dumb, mournful wrecks and blocks: but the Books of Greece! There Greece, to every thinker, still very literally lives; can be called up again into life. No magic RUNE is stranger than a Book. All that Mankind has done, thought, gained or been; it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of Books. They are the chosen possession of men.

34. Yet Napoleon HAD a sincerity. . . .

His SAVANS, Bourrienne tells us, in that voyage to Egypt, were one evening busily occupied in arguing that there could be no God. They had proved it, to their satisfaction, by all manner of logic. Napoleon, looking up into the stars, answers: "Very ingenious, Messieurs, but WHO MADE all that?

THE HEART OF CONFUCIUS.*

Confucius. Born, 551 B. C. Died, 478 B. C.

1. The path of duty lies in what is near and men seek for it in what is remote. The work of duty lies in what is easy and men seek for it in what is difficult. If each man would love his parents and show due respect to his elders, the whole empire would enjoy tranquillity.

2. Sincerity is the end and the beginning of things. Without sincerity there would be nothing. On this account the superior man regards the attainment of sincerity as the most excellent thing.

3. For one word a man is often deemed to be wise; and for one word he is often deemed to be foolish. We ought to be careful indeed in what we say.

4. He who requires much from himself and little from others will keep himself from being the object of resentment.

* Following chiefly Jening's translation.

5. The disease of men is this—that they neglect their own fields and go to weed the fields of others; and what they require from others is great, while what they lay upon themselves is light.

6. What the superior man seeks is in himself. What the mean man seeks is in others.

7. God leads men to tranquil security.

8. Ardent and yet not upright, stupid and yet not attentive, simple and yet not sincere—such persons I do not understand.

9. The principle that injury should be recompensed with kindness.

10. Although a sword be sharp, without the frequent use of the grindstone it will not cut; though a man's natural abilities be excellent, without learning he will not rise high. The spirits may be good, and the viands admirable, but until you taste them, you do not know their flavor; principles may be good, but until you learn them you do not know their value. Hence it is by learning that a man knows his deficiencies.

11. A gem is not polished without rubbing, nor a man perfected without trials.

12. Men who are possessed of intelligent virtue and prudence in affairs will generally be found to have been in sickness and trouble.

13. And suppose I should even assist others with a little rice or a little money, it is no more than my duty requires of me—what mighty merit is there in that?

14. Oh, early and late never be but earnest. If you do not attend zealously to your small actions, the result will be to affect your virtue in great matters.

15. Probably there are none in the world who do evil at first without reluctance; but when they have repeated it once or twice, the mind becomes daring; hands and feet become habituated; and the conscience is by degrees annihilated.

16. The mean man is sure to gloss his faults.

17. The man who, in view of gain, thinks of righteousness; who, in the view of danger, is prepared to give up his life; and who does not forget an old agreement, however far back it extends—such a man may be reckoned a complete man.

18. Now men possess a moral nature, but if they are well fed, warmly clad, and comfortably

lodged, without being taught at the same time, they become almost like the beasts.

19. Man's nature to good is like the tendency of water to flow downwards. There are none but have this tendency to good just as all water flows downwards.

20. Virtue is the root; wealth the result.

21. The superior man has a dignified ease without pride. The mean man has pride without dignified ease.

22. I will not be afflicted at men's not knowing me. I will be afflicted that I do not know men.

23. Do not speak lightly; your words are your own. Do not say, this is of little importance; no one can hold my tongue for me; words are not to be cast away. Every word finds its answer; every good deed has its recompense.

24. I do not know how a man without truthfulness is to get on. How can a large carriage be made to go without the cross-bar for yoking the oxen to or a small carriage without the arrangement for yoking horses?

25. They who know the truth are not equal to

those that love it, and they who love it are not equal to those who find pleasure in it.

26. Looked at in friendly intercourse with superior men, you make your countenance harmonious and mild, anxious not to do anything wrong. Looked at in your chamber, you ought to be equally free from shame before the light which shines in. Do not say, this place is not public; no one can see me here: the approaches of spiritual beings cannot be calculated beforehand, but the more should they not be slighted.

27. There is nothing more visible than what is secret; and nothing more manifest than what is minute; therefore, the superior man is watchful over himself when he is alone.

28. When one cultivates to the utmost the principles of his nature and exercises them on the principle of reciprocity, he is not far from the path. What you do not like when done to yourself do not to others.

29. What future misery have they and ought they to endure who talk of what is not good in others.

30. When one by force subdues men they do not submit to him in heart. They submit because

their strength is not adequate to resist. When one subdues men by virtue to his heart's core they are pleased and sincerely submit.

31. Heaven has no affections; only to those who are reverent does it show affection.

32. The superior man acts before he speaks, and afterwards speaks according to his actions.

33. When there is the gift within it manifests itself without.

34. The superior man does not murmur against Heaven nor grudge against men.

35. Virtue is not left to stand alone. He who practices it will have neighbors.

36. Here is a man who treats me in a perverse and unreasonable manner. The superior man in such a case will turn around upon himself. I must have been wanting in benevolence; I must have been wanting in propriety. How should this have happened to me?

37. Men must be decided on what they will not do, and then they are able to act with vigor in what they ought.

38. To nourish the heart there is nothing better than to make the desires few.

39. Tsze Kung asked, saying: "Is there one word which may serve as a rule of practice for all one's life?" The Master said: "Is not RECIPROCITY such a word? What you do not want done to yourself do not do to others."

40. Do not be ashamed of mistakes and thus make them crimes.

41. When Heaven is about to confer a great office on any man, it first exercises his mind with suffering, and his sinews and bones with toil. It exposes his body to hunger, and subjects him to extreme poverty. It confounds his undertakings. By all these methods it stimulates his mind, hardens his nature, and supplies his incompetencies.

42. The sense of shame is to a man of great importance.

43. I hate those who pry out matters and ascribe the knowledge to their wisdom. I hate those who are only not modest, and think that they are valorous. I hate those who make known secrets and think that they are straightforward.

44. God is with you, have no doubts in your heart.

45. The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

46. Beware what proceeds from you will return to you again.

47. If a man takes no thought of what is distant he will find sorrow near at hand.

48. Follow what is right and you will be fortunate. Do not follow it and you will be unfortunate. The results are only shadows and echoes of our acts.

49. Tsze Kung said: "What do you pronounce concerning the poor man who yet does not flatter and the rich man who is not proud?" The Master replied: "They will do; but they are not equal to him who, though poor, is yet cheerful, and to him who, though rich, loves the rules of propriety."

50. Prosperity in business is not a sign or proof of the rectitude of one's principles. That the wicked have plenty to eat is no indication of the approval of Heaven.

51. There are three things which the superior man guards against. In youth when the physical powers are not settled, he guards against lust. When he is strong and the physical powers are full of vigor, he guards against quarrelsomeness.

When he is old and the animal powers are decayed, he guards against covetousness.

52. Virtue alone is not sufficient for the exercise of government; laws alone cannot carry themselves into practice.

53. The evil of men is that they like to be teachers of others.

54. In ancient times men learned with a view to their own improvement. Nowadays men learn with a view to the approbation of others.

55. Men are partial where they feel affection and love; partial where they despise and dislike; partial where they stand in awe and reverence; partial where they feel sorrow and compassion; partial where they are arrogant and rude. Thus it is that there are few men in the world who love and at the same time know the bad qualities of the object of their love, or who hate and yet know the excellencies of the object of their hatred.

56. Let every man consider virtue as what devolves on himself; he may not yield the performance of it even to his teacher.

57. If doing what is to be done be made the first

business, and success a secondary consideration, is not this a way to exalt virtue?

58. The scholar who cherishes the love of comfort is not fit to be deemed a scholar.

59. Never has there been one possessed of complete sincerity who did not move others. Never has there been one who had not sincerity who was able to move others.

60. To assail one's own wickedness, and not assail that of others; is not this a way to correct cherished evil?

61. When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them.

62. He who advances with precipitation will retire with speed.

63. If you can reverently obey, Heaven will favor and compassionate you.

64. Heaven's plan in the production of mankind is this: That they who are first informed should instruct those who are later in being informed, and they who first apprehend principles should instruct those who are slower to do so. I am one of Heaven's people who have first apprehended. I will take these principles and instruct this people in them.

65. If men have good desires, Heaven will assuredly grant them.

66. The superior man is quiet and calm, awaiting the appointments of Heaven, while the mean man walks in dangerous paths looking for lucky occurrences.

67. He who stops short where stopping short is not allowable, will stop short in everything. He who behaves shabbily to those whom he ought to treat well, will behave shabbily to all.

68. There has never been a man trained to benevolence who neglected his parents.

69. I like fish and I also like bear's paws. If I cannot have the two together I will let the fish go and take the bear's paws. So I like life and I also like righteousness; if I cannot keep the two together I will let life go and choose righteousness.

70. Tsze Chang asked how a man might conduct himself so as to be everywhere appreciated. The Master said: "Let his words be sincere and truthful and his actions honorable and careful—such conduct may be practiced among the rude tribes of the South and North. If his words be not sincere and truthful and his actions not honorable and careful,

will he with such conduct be appreciated even in his own neighborhood?

71. When we do not by what we do realize what we desire we must turn inwards and examine ourselves in every point. When a man's person is correct, the whole empire will turn to him with recognition and submission.

SPECIAL TO AGENTS

So many requests for the handling of our bound volumes of PENNY CLASSICS have come to us from agents and others who wish merely to present copies of these volumes to their friends, that we have made a simple proposition to cover the case.

We will send, prepaid, five (5) copies of any one volume to any address upon receipt of three dollars ($3.00). This does not mean one copy of any five volumes, the cost of which is $5.00, postpaid.

It means five copies of Volume I, or five copies of Volume II, or five copies of Volume III, for $3.00, cash with order.

We make this offer because we are well assured that the placing of these volumes in many hands will secure us many further orders from the readers of them.

Address all communications and make orders payable to

PENNY CLASSICS

73-75 Plymouth Place
Chicago, Ill.

HOW TO BUY THE FULL SET

OF

Penny Classics

10 VOLUMES, CLOTH BOUND, ON THE

Installment Plan

IT may not be easy for you to pay $6 today in advance for your set of Penny Classics, and we have therefore made the following plan to satisfy those who prefer to make their payments upon installments. Kindly follow the subjoined form:—

To PENNY CLASSICS,
73-75 Plymouth Place, Chicago

Enclosed find Postal Order for $3.00 (if check is used the amount should be $3.10) upon receipt of which you will ship me at once, carriage prepaid, the first three bound volumes of Penny Classics, the remaining seven volumes to be sent me prepaid, as issued, for which I agree to remit to you $1 per month for seven months, making a total payment of $10 in all for the ten volumes.

Write Plainly

Name_____

P. O._____

State _____

Volume II

OF

PENNY CLASSICS

144 Pages, Postpaid, $1.00
Green Cloth Binding, Gilt Top, Gold Stamped

CONTENTS

Aristotle, Aurelius, Socrates, Epictetus, Descartes, Pascal, Spinoza, Maeterlinck, Browning, Shakespeare, Spencer, Napoleon.

Aristotle is precise; Aurelius is inspiring; Socrates is great; Epictetus is luminous; Descartes is original; Pascal is bold; Spinoza is the father of questioning thought; Maeterlinck is tender; Browning is brilliant; Spencer is far-seeing; Napoleon is stirring as a trumpet call; Shakespeare is the Voice of Highest Humanity.

Address all correspondence and make orders payable to

PENNY CLASSICS

73-75 Plymouth Place
Chicago, Ill.

Volume III

OF

PENNY CLASSICS

144 Pages, Postpaid, $1.00
Green Cloth Binding, Gilt Top, Gold Stamped

CONTENTS

Franklin, Nietzsche, De Quincey, Luther, Ruskin, Washington, Huxley, More Huxley, Heine, Jacobi, Johnson, Wesley.

Franklin is candid; Nietzsche is keen; De Quincey is melodious; Luther is brave; Ruskin is earnest; Washington is modest; Huxley is honest; Heine is vivid; Jacobi is reverent; Johnson is impressive; Wesley is strenuous.

Address all correspondence and make orders payable to

PENNY CLASSICS

73-75 Plymouth Place
Chicago, Ill.